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VERSIONS OF PSALMS

AND

ORIGINAL POETRY,

ETC.





VERSIONS OF PSALMS

AND

ORIGINAL POETRY,

ETC.

BY WM. A. GRAHAM.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or if there be any praise, think of these things."



LONDON: WHITTAKER & Co., AVE MARIA LANE.
CARLISLE: C. THURNAM & SONS.

1870.


280. n. 109.

NOTE.

A denizen of the green hills of SCOTLAND, a man bred to the simple employments of husbandry, may well say with BRUTUS in his retort to CASSIUS, in SHAKESPEARE,

. "For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men."

TO MY
PERSONAL AND SURVIVING FRIENDS,
AND
TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE OF THEM GONE TO THE GRAVE,
THESE,
THE LITERARY AND LAST EFFORTS
OF AN AFFECTIONATE AND SUFFERING BROTHER,
ARE DEDICATED.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The metrical translations in the following pages, were written by the Author, as an exertion of the mind, possibly to recommend himself, to his personal friends and to those men who have avoided the destructiveness of only one view of various subjects coming before their consideration. He wishes not to oppose in the least, the likings, rights, or prejudices of any religious party, or to suggest anything of his, to any Church, or any separate communion of the Church.

W. A. G.

THE PREFACE.

THE attempted metrical transfusions announced in the title-page of this volume, into new forms, and other modes of expression, have lain by me far beyond the time assigned by Horace, for a writer to retain the productions of his pen, before submitting them to the world. They have been altered and re-altered, touched and re-touched, with the utmost possible care. All that self-denial, devotedness, and application could do, has been done, in order to make them good, and so to act as an incitement, (even such as I am able to give,) to others of superior attainments, to carry them as a whole, to the point of excellence. The genius of Pope and Thomson combined, or rather in union, with the piety, euphony, and simplicity of Cowper, would be requisite in the accomplishment of an excellent version of the Psalms, and, perhaps twice the time, (five years) engaged in by Pope, in the translation of the *Illiad*. A little discipline, too, in the school of adversity, such as David underwent, might be necessary for the perfect completion of such an undertaking.—

The admission is now a very common one, by men of cultivated minds, that the version in use in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, besides being full of expletives, strange inversions, and adverbial terms, is wanting in terseness of style, in elegance of construction,

and in all the rich and varied beauty that now adorns our higher and classic literature, in thought and expression.—

The Occasional Pieces of Verse selected for this little Work, have been written at various periods of my life. Their moral tendencies will be found to be soothing and unequivocal. The literary world is, of course, inundated with poetry. Along with a few of the ancient and modern classic authors, the Bible poetry is, no doubt the best;—only a few men are benefactors to the world at large; there are also few who cannot entertain and benefit the public and their friends, and at the same time, secure the respect and sympathy of the good.

TARRAS MOOR, CANOBIE,

NEAR LANGHOLM, *January, 1869.*

NOTES.

The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, “On the Achievements of Ancient Greece,” says,—“All the wonders of the Greek civilization, heaped together, are less wonderful than is the single BOOK OF PSALMS.”—*[Valedictory Address to the Students of the University of Edinburgh.]*

A distinguished writer of the last century, on speaking of Mr. Pope, remarks :—“If that great author had more frequently employed his pen on Divine themes, his poem on the Messiah, and many other manifestations of his genius, sufficiently assure us, that his pen would have honourably imitated some of the tender scenes of penitential sorrow, as well as the sublimer odes of the Hebrew Psalmist, and perhaps discovered to us, in a better manner than any other translation has done, how great a poet sat upon the throne of Israel.”

THE CONTENTS.

DEDICATION AND PREFACE.

VERSIONS OF PSALMS.

VERSIONS OF THE FIRST PSALM ; VERSIONS OF THE SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, AND EIGHTH PSALMS ; A VERSION OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM ; THREE VERSIONS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM, ALSO A PARAPHRASE ; VERSIONS OF THE FORTY FIRST, SIXTY-FIFTH, NINETIETH, AND HUNDREDTH PSALMS ; VERSIONS OF THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH, AND HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALMS. ALSO BUCHANAN'S LATIN PARAPHRASE OF THE HUNDREDTH PSALM, AND THE ENGLISH RENDERING OF BUCHANAN'S LATIN PARAPHRASE OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM, BY A. WADDEL, M.A. NOTES.....From page 1 to page 80

OCCASIONAL PIECES OF ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY LOST AND EARLY HOME ; THE TRIBUTE OF TEARS ON THE EARLY DEATH OF A VALUED FRIEND ; THE FLOWER OF STANNERBURN ; LINES ON THE SAME OCCASION ; A PARENT'S GRAVE ; THE INTERMENT OF THE SWAINS IN ETTLETON ; THE TOMB OF MORA ; MOONLIGHT AND CANOBIE CHURCHYARD ; GOODNESS OF HEART EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF A DECEASED NEIGHBOUR ;

REFLECTIONS ON FINDING A YOUNG SHEEP ENTANGLED IN
A BRIER ; AN ACROSTIC ON AN EXCELLENT YOUNG LADY,
NOW LONG IN HER GRAVE ; THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A
YOUNG LADY'S SINGING ALONG WITH HER PERFORMANCE
ON THE PIANOFORTE ; THE EXCITEMENTS GIVEN BY THE
ABSENCE OF FOUR YOUNG SHEEP AT THE COMMENCEMENT
OF A SNOWSTORM ; THE POETRY OF A TARRAS LANDSCAPE ;
AN ADDRESS TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT
THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE ; THE AGE OF CHIVALRY ; COM-
MEMORATION OF THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND ;
EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE
ALBERT ; MY COTTAGE HOME NO MORE ; THE PATHETIC.

From page 35 to page 85

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL SKETCHES.

SUMMER EVENING SKIES ; AGANDECA ; SUBLIMITY ;
OSSIAN AND THOMSON ; DIFFERENT APPEARANCES OF
NATURE IN A RIDE OF FIFTEEN MILES ; SINCERITY : OR
THE VALUE OF TRUTH TO EXALTED MINDS ; THE ADVAN-
TAGES OF CANDOUR ; THE DESCENDING SUN ; A NOVEMBER
MORNING IN ARGYLESHIRE ; PARTING FRIENDS ; THE SACRED
WRITINGS ; COMMUNION WITH NATURE ; CLEMENTINA ;
DOMESTIC RETIREMENT.....From page 87 to page 106

A FEW TRANSLATIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

“Rememb’ring mercy, and his cov’nant sworn
To David, ’stablish’d as the days of Heav’n.”

—PARADISE LOST, Book xii, line 346.

*(Spoken of his Maker by the angel Gabriel to Adam regarding
the future.)*

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY. THE UNHAPPINESS OF THE
UNGODLY.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the LORD ; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so ; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous : but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

THE FIRST VERSION.

THE man who shuns to walk as they
Who wicked counsel give, is blest ;
Who stands not in the sinner’s way,
Nor holds the seat where scorners jest ;

Who from the righteous law of Heav’n,
Still culls ineffable delight ;
Its rules are his, at morn and ev’n,
And his its study, day and night.

TRANSLATED POETRY.

O ! he is as a fruitful tree,
'Neath solar lights, and dewy shades ;
By limpid streams, and eddies free ;
His leaf of freshness never fades ;

And all he doeth shall meet success ;
But the ungodly shall be driven,
As chaff in utter restlessness,
Before the angry winds of Heaven.

When retribution yet shall come,
Within the congregation wide,
No wicked heart shall ward its doom,
Nor sinners with the just abide.

The perfect way of righteous men,
The LORD hath ever in His sight,
Rejecting that of sinners, then,
To perish from His presence quite !

THE SECOND VERSION.

BLESSED is he who shuns to tread,
Forbidden paths astray,
Nor follows where th' ungodly lead,
Nor stands in sinners' way ;
Nor occupies the place of fools,
But takes supreme delight,
In God's own law, and makes its rules,
His rule, by day and night.
He shall be like a tree that grows
Fast by a river's side,
Whose timely fruit adorns its boughs ;
And all his leaves abide ;

Success shall from his efforts flow,
But sinners shall be driven,
As chaff is driven to and fro,
Before the winds of Heaven.
Ungodly men shall shrink, aghast,
Before their Judge's face ;
Nor in th' assembly of the just,
Shall sinners have a place.
As knowing all, JEHOVAH knows,
The way of righteous men ;
As Judge of all, His guilty foes,
Shall quite be overthrown.

THE THIRD VERSION.

THE man is bless'd whose path is plain,
Nor counsel hears of fearless men,
Nor stands in sinner's way, nor yet,
Among the scornful keeps his seat ;
But whose delight is in the law,
Of God, and thence his constant awe ;
And from its precepts gaining light,
He meditates by day and night.
As by the waters planted, he,
Shall flourish as a fruitful tree ;
(A garland mid the valleys wide)—
And his green leaf shall yet abide ;
Successful ends his efforts gain,
Whilst impious men no place obtain ;
But as the chaff, despoil'd and tost,
Are they before the cruel blast.
When Judgment sits in fiery gloom,
No wicked heart shall ward its doom :

Nor in the congregation wide,
Shall sinners with the just abide.

He whom the saints on earth adore,
Knows but to bless them evermore ;
But wilful sinners from the brink,
Of ruin's vast abyss, shall sink.

THE FOURTH VERSION.

BLESSED is he who never walks,
Nor waits, nor sits with wicked men,
Nor from them evil counsel takes,
Nor joins them in their scorning vain ;

But whose high study and delight,
Is in the law of God, reveal'd ;
And as his love inflames in light,
Its precepts on his heart are seal'd.

O, he is like a lovely tree,
A wreath of beauty and of grace,
Whose fruit and time of fruit, agree ;
And still his leaf retains its place ;

And all he doth shall flourish fair :
The wicked do not prosper so ;
As chaff is toss'd in stormy air,
So they are driven, to and fro.

The wicked, at some hapless hour,
A righteous judgment shall arrest ;
Nor where ten thousand spirits pour,
Their songs of love, are sinners blest.

The LORD acknowledgeth the way,
Of those that follow righteousness ;
Whilst those from goodness, gone astray,
Shall perish in their own distress.

THE SECOND PSALM.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST. KINGS ARE EXHORTED TO ACCEPT IT.

THE Heathen rage, the people too,
Imagine a vain thing. And why ?
Kings of the earth, as one, agree,
And rulers in their counsels try,
To plot against the LORD and His
Anointed, vainly saying thus—
Let us asunder break their bands,
And cast their servile cords from us.

But He who sitteth in the Heav'ns,
Contemtuously shall their counsels shake ;
When come the thunders of His wrath,
Their guilty terrors shall awake.

Opposing all His enemies,
Him have I set a Prince for aye,
Supreme on Zion's holy hill,
To whom the earth shall homage pay.

The sure decree I will declare,
The LORD hath spoken thus to me—
Thou art My well beloved Son,
This day have I begotten Thee ;

Ask of Me, and for heritage,
The Heathen nations shall be Thine,
And Thine from distant age to age,
Shall earth be, and her utmost line.

And Thou shalt hold a sovereign rule,
And break them with an iron rod ;
Like potter's vessel hopeless dash'd,
Thou shalt them dash, and send abroad.

Be wise, ye kings, and meekly learn,
Ye sapient judges of the earth,
Serve God in fear, and see that ye,
Join trembling to your joy and mirth.

Kiss ye the Son, nor tempt His ire,
Lest ye should perish from the way ;
When, if His wrath be kindled once,
Blessed are they that on Him stay.

THE THIRD PSALM.

THE SECURITY OF GOD'S PROTECTION.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom, his son.

MY troubles are increas'd, O LORD,
My foes against me rise,
And many say, with taunting word,
In God no succour lies.

O LORD, my God, Thou art my shield,
Th' uplifter of my head,
I cried, and at Thy footstool kneel'd,
My God an answer made.

I laid me down to still repose,
Th' ETERNAL was my stay ;
Nor will I fear, should thousands close,
Around in stern array.

Arise, O LORD, Thy sovereign will,
Hath stay'd mine en'mies all ;
Their cheek and teeth-bones, blood distil,
On which Thy wrath did fall.

Salvation comes from Thee alone,
A free, exhaustless store ;
O LORD, Thy blessing rests upon,
Thy people evermore.

THE FOURTH PSALM.

DAVID PRAYETH FOR AUDIENCE. HE REPROVETH AND EXHORTETH
HIS ENEMIES. MAN'S HAPPINESS IN GOD'S FAVOUR.

To the Chief Musician on Neginoth. A Psalm of David.

O HEAR me when I call, O God !
God of my righteousness,
Thou hast enlarg'd me 'neath the rod,
O hear me in distress !

How long, ye men, who truth disclaim,
And vanities receive,
Will ye unto My glorious Name,
A profanation give ? (a)

God for Himself, from evil free,
Hath chosen all the good ;
LORD, when I plead my cause with Thee,
It will not be withstood.
Fear and sin not, avoid the ill,
And all its sorrows shun ;
Task your own bosom, and be still,
Upon your bed commune.

Your pious sacrifices bring,
Of truth and righteousness ;
Confiding, seek from Heaven's King,
The succours of His grace.
Some hold of good, a bold pretence,
Yet seek an earthly sway ;
LORD, lift on us Thy countenance,
Of living-light, alway.

How oft that gen'rous love of Thine,
Would more my heart renew ;
Yea, more than theirs, whose corn and wine,
To greater fulness grew.

(a) A stronger mode of expression—

How long the honour of My Name,
Will ye, O men, despise,
Its true magnificence disclaim,
And meanly follow lies ?

When soothing shades, impose sweet sleep,
Unwearied for my sake,
Thine eyes, O LORD, their vigils keep,
For evermore awake.

THE EIGHTH PSALM.

GOD'S GLORY IS MAGNIFIED BY HIS WORKS AND BY HIS LOVE
TO MAN.

To the Chief Musician upon Gittith. A Psalm of David.

HOW excellent in all the earth,
LORD, our LORD, is Thy holy Name :
Thou who hast sent Thy glory forth
O'er all the heav'ns and starry frame.

From infant's mouth—from sucklings, yea,
A strength Thou hast ordain'd, and might,
By which Thy foes recoil and say,
We own from hence Thy sovereign right.

When I consider these Thy heavens,
That lift my soul, from sense set free,
The work of hands omnipotent,
The moon and stars ordained by Thee,

Then say I, what is man, that he,
Should still Thy kind remembrance prove,
And in each day and hour, receive,
The visitations of Thy love.

Than angels, only lower, he,
Is in Thy moral image made ;
Thy honour and Thy majesty,
Are as a crown upon his head.

A sway Thou hast him giv'n, supreme,
 In this opaque, terraqueous sphere,
 Know his control, beasts wild and tame,
 And all the beauteous broods in air.

Innum'rous his, the ocean's birth,
 Leviathan's unmeasured frame ;
 How excellent in all the earth,
 LORD, our LORD, is Thy holy Name.

THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE CREATURES SHOW GOD'S GLORY. THE WORD HIS GRACE.
 DAVID PRAYETH FOR GRACE.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

THE opening part of this Psalm, on the scenery of the heavens and the earth, has been written in the manner of a loose version, for my own study.

THE heavens high, by day and night,
 JEHOVAH'S glory show, and might ;
 Above, below, in shade, or light,
 His hand is in the wondrous sight.

What language, earth ! Whose are dull ears ?
 To you a message from the spheres,
 Of God and His abiding might :
 What can arouse you, day or night ?

In ev'ry clime, to ev'ry heart,
 Ten thousand orbs the thoughts impart,
 Of God and His enduring might :
 Think ! nobler natures, day and night.

What thrilling sights ! Who hath not eyes ?
Ye pure, a mission from the skies,
Of God, and His eternal might :
Hope ! suffering pilgrim, day and night.

Their doctrines fair, the sacred sun,
Doth round the world convey, and wide
O'er the warmed heav'ns his journeys run,
Re-kindling Hesper on his ride.

The East receives him in his haste,
His way is on the steeps, perforce,
Like bridegroom in his gorg'ous vest,
Or strong man in his joyous course.

Effulgence pours on sea and land,
On forest glades, and rolling streams ;
Siná's rocks and Canaan's strand,
Burn in the fervour of his beams.

JEHOVAH'S law converts the soul ;
Perfection in its spirit lies ;
His testimonies sure, control
The sense, and make the simple wise.

The statutes of our God are right,
Diffusing gladness through the heart ;
His just commandments, too, as light,
Their blessings to the eyes impart.

His solemn judgments, just and true,
O'er His dominions hold their sway.
Unfeigned is the homage due,
To heav'n's ETERNAL KING for aye !

To be deserved more are they,
Than gold, abundant, and refined,
O, sweeter far than honey, yea,
Than honey, sweetest of its kind.

Thy servant by all these is warned :
 Their keeping earns a great reward.
 His cause of errors, who has learn'd ?
 Cleanse me from secret faults, O LORD.

O keep me from all daring sin ;
 Let me be crown'd with purity ;
 Let open breach, or guilt within,
 Have no dominion over me.

My words preferr'd to Thee, each one,
 The meditations of my heart,
 Accept, O LORD, for Thou alone,
 My Strength and my Redeemer art.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

DAVID'S CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S GRACE.

A Psalm of David.

THE LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ; Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

A FIRST VERSION.

MY Shepherd is the LORD, from want secure,
 In pastures green and fair, He makes me lie ;
 He leads me by the waters, still and pure ;
 Recalls my wand'ring steps, from vagrancy,
 And guides me in the paths of righteousness,
 Delighting thus, for His Name's sake, to bless.

Or passing through the deep, the shadows made,
By death itself, no evil will I dread,
For Thou art with me, as I rest on Thee,
Thy rod and staff, defend and comfort me.

My table is prepar'd by Thee, likewise,
In solemn state before mine enemies ;
My head Thou hast annointed too, and more,
Thy love unfailing, makes my cup run o'er.

Goodness and mercy, from His hand shall flow,
And daily follow me through life below ;
And in JEHOVAH'S house, among the blest,
My place shall be, of everlasting rest.

A SECOND VERSION.

WHERE green and flow'ry vales extend,
And summer suns their glories lend,
With food and limpid waters blest,
The LORD my Shepherd makes me rest.

And tenderly He doth restore,
My erring soul, and yet the more,
For His Name's sake inclines me thus,
To tread the paths of righteousness.

Or though I sojourn in the vale,
Of Death's pervading shadows, pale,
What can I fear, whilst Thou art by ?
Thy rod and staff, an aid supply.

And they my foes, before me, see,
My blest repast, prepar'd by Thee ;
Besides my fragrant locks disclose,
Thy love and choice, my cup o'erflows.

Goodness and mercy, fitly met,
Shall bless my path, in this estate ;
And so will He, this travel past,
The LORD my Shepherd give me rest.

A THIRD VERSION.

ON tender grass I lie, nor shall I want ;
These by JEHOVAH'S grace, my Shepherd King ;
I walk, as led by Him, where softly slant,
The sunny steeps, and the clear waters spring.

When lost to love, my soul He doth reclaim,
And in the ways of goodness, when I take,
With His assistance, an exalted aim,
He leads me, saved, for His mercy's sake.

Though walking in the dark presage of death,
I will not fear, when stay'd on Thee, O God ;
Thy staff supports me in th' untrodden path,
My sure defence, is Thy all-potent rod.

My table is prepar'd by Thee, display'd,
In grateful order vast, before my foe ;
Oil from Thy hand, irradiates my head,
My grateful heart and wine-cup, overflow.

And whilst I live to gratitude and love,
Goodness and mercy straight, shall follow me,
And in the courts of God the LORD, above,
My everlasting dwelling-place, shall be.

A PARAPHRASE.

JEHOVAH is my Shepherd ; from His store
My wants are all supplied ; I seek no more ;
Th' ETERNAL is my stay, whose mercies raise
My better being and my voice in praise.

He makes me lie, where verdant vales impart
A joyous sense ; and walk where soothing streams,
Immingle with the sun's refining beams,
Adding delicious feelings in my heart.

Often my falt'ring soul refinds its way,
Led out from error by some heav'nly ray ;
My wand'ring spirit oft He doth reclaim ;
And in each lofty, holy, upright aim,
Inclines my cautious footsteps, yet the more.
Because His name is great, His aid is given ;
Because His name is good, His love hath striven,
With all the ways of folly o'er and o'er.

Ent'ring the vale equivocal, of shade,
The deep, with dim fortuities array'd ;
Approaching Jordan's strand, and wave beneath,
The precincts of chill awe, the land of death :
Yet will I fear no ill, nor claim forego ;
But lean upon Thy mighty arm, O God !
And gaining stay and succour, from Thy rod
And staff, shall Hope's high inspirations know.

My table is prepared by Thee, and vies
With that of kings, before mine enemies ;
In choice collation, and in banquet vast,
With many viands, is my rich repast,

Before the face of my despicable foes :
My head Thou hast anointed, too, in love ;
And this my soul and each sensation move,
My cup with endless blessings overflows.

His goodness all my life shall follow me,
His mercy set my buoyant spirit free ;
His goodness great, and mercies manifold,
Shall in each trying hour my soul uphold ;—
Unceasing records of a Sovereign Giver !
Around God's throne in the empyrean skies,
Ten thousand spheres, with all their domes arise :
There will I dwell, for ever, and for ever.

THE FORTY-FIRST PSALM.

GOD'S CARE OF THE POOR, ETC.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

BLESSED is he whose tender care,
And feeling heart are for the poor ;
To him, in troublous times, the LORD,
An ample succour will afford.

Him will the LORD preserve alive,
The ills of life he shall survive ;
To foil the will of all his foes,
Thy hand will ever interpose.

Upon the bed of languishing,
A vital strength the LORD will bring ;
His bed of sickness shall be made
By Thee, in tenderness of aid.

I said, have mercy, LORD, control
Offence to Thee, O heal my soul.—
O let him die, my foes' exclaim,
And perish quite, his very name !

Perfidious, if he come to see
My state, his talk is vanity :
His heart dire mischief gathers in,
To tell it, gone abroad again.

All those that hate me, whispering,
A foolish accusation bring ;
Against me they devise my hurt,
And wish my end in idle sport.

Disease unto him, cleaveth fast ;
And evil, say they, down he's cast ;
Nor we his fallen state deplore,
But hope that he will rise no more.

The man I held a friend indeed,
Who had my heart, to whom my bread
Was given, (O, this I deeply feel !)
To do me hurt, hath rais'd his heel !

Be merciful, O LORD, to me,
That I requite them, rais'd by Thee :
By this Thy favour, most I know,
No final triumph, hath my foe.

O LORD, Thou still upholdest me
In keeping my integrity ;
And settest me, where blessings pour,
Before Thy face, for evermore.

Bless'd, let the Name of God resound,
Immense in Heav'n, let earth rebound ;
Bless'd be the God of Israel, then,
To all eternity, Amen.

2

WHEN handling this Psalm in a metrical translation, I casually took up the *Odyssey* of Homer, lying upon my table, and was suddenly delighted with a corroboration of the sentiments with which my heart was inspired, by the contemplation of the Psalm itself, in the Fifth Book, where Calypso, in addressing Ulysses, says,—

“Heav’n has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But giv’n the sense, to pity, and to feel.”

THE following are variations in the manner of expressing the Divine sentiment in the opening of the Psalm :—

The blessing of approving Heaven,
To him who aids the poor, is given.

Blessed is he who ponders well,
The case of him, whom wants assail.

The man hath blessings, laid in store,
Who still compassionates the poor.

Rich favours from on high shall flow,
On him who aids the poor and low ;
To him in troublous time, the Lord,
An ample succour will afford.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

DAVID PRAISETH GOD FOR HIS GRACE. THE BLESSEDNESS OF
GOD’S CHOSEN BY REASON OF BENEFITS.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm and Song of David.

AWAITS for Thee, O, God, our praise,
In Zion’s sacred seat ;
The homage of our hearts to raise,
And all our vows complete.

O, Thou, the hearer of a pray'r,
All flesh shall come to Thee ;
To Thee in worship or in fear,
All men shall bow the knee.

Iniquities against my soul,
Prevail with grievous sway ;
Yet our transgressions, as a whole,
By Thee, are purged away.

Bless'd is the man to whom Thy love,
And saving choice, are given,
That he within Thy courts above,
May drink the joys of Heaven.

Thy never-failing mercies, found,
Shall bind our hearts to Thee ;
The joys that in Thy house abound,
And courts of sanctity.

By awful things in righteousness,
Our answer shall be made,
By Thee, we ever seek to bless,
Of our salvation, God.—

Men of the ends of all the earth,
And those afar, at sea,
At ev'ning's close, or morning's birth,
Have confidence in Thee.

By Thee the mountains are set fast,
Being girt with pow'r, the deep
Through Thee desists to roar, its vast
And sounding waters, sleep :

The people's tumults become still,
By Thee ; Thy terrors bear,
To regions far remote, and fill,
Ten thousand hearts with fear.

The morning's footsteps, yet partake,
Thy kind and gracious aid ;
The ev'ning feels Thy presence break,
And joy is in the shade.

Thy softest show'rs from Heav'n descend,
Upon the arid ridge ;
The waters of God's mercy, bend,
Against the furrow's edge.

Corn Thou prepar'st, when these are gain'd,
(All is prepar'd, by Thee) ;
Its beauteous progress is maintain'd,
Unto maturity.

The year is with Thy goodness crown'd,
To man, its fruits are given ;
In drop by drop, Thy paths around,
The balmy dews of Heaven

Dispense ; Their drop-by-drop, distils,
On desert pastures, wide ;
And day by day. The little hills,
Rejoice on ev'ry side.

Soft verdant steepes, rich flocks adorn,
The waving valleys, bring,
The stay of life, the yellow corn ;
They shout for joy, they sing.

THE ENGLISH RENDERING OF BUCHANAN'S
LATIN PARAPHRASE OF THE FOREGOING PSALM.

BY A. WADDELL, M.A.

PRAISES wait for Thee in Sion, O God : here Thine own nation, busied in performing their holy rites, shall pay their vows to Thee, and shall stain Thine altars with victims. And the nations lying under each pole of the world shall seek Thee, who so readily grantest happy issues to the requests of thy suppliants. At present our wicked deeds pursue us with deserved punishments : but Thou, easily prevailed on by our complaints, wilt break the grievous chains of our slavery. O, thrice (happy), O more than thrice happy (they), whom Thou shalt choose, (and) make Thy select friends, that in purity they may inhabit the courts of the temple dedicated Thee. (O) That happy day, a day fraught with every blessing, which shall place us, after our return, in Thy consecrated house, it shall satisfy our troubled breast with joy. Thou, O God, the hope of the utmost ends of the earth, and of the sea encompassing the most distant lands with its waters, shall graciously redress our grievances. Then shall astonishment shake the hearts of those who behold Thee, O God, the support of our salvation, severe to the wicked, merciful to the distressed, just to all. Thou, the potentate of the universe, and possessed of inconceivable strength, establishest the ridges of mountains with a durable chain, and their tops beaten with turbulent blasts. Thou smoothest the surface of the sea (when) tossed with bleak winds ; Thou restrainest the rebellious commotion of nations, and changest the noise of war into calm peace. The uttermost borders of the world know and are afraid at Thy tokens, especially when heaven, bursting with glittering flames, resounds in loud peals (of thunder). And

those who dwell at the rising of the sun, and those whose waters Phœbus dyes with his evening torch, gladly acknowledge Thee the Creator of day and night. Thou graciously visitest the face of the earth (when) thirsting for a shower, and from the bosom of the teeming cloud, pourest the genial moisture on barren fields. The channel of the waters, always swollen with full flood, renews the fields with gladsome corn, the plains with flowers, the green retreats of the forest with the leaf. Thou softenest the soil of obstinate land with mild dew, and subduest the clods: Thou shadest the drunken furrows with the verdant dress of harvest. Whithersoever Thou shalt move Thy steps, Thou shalt renew the year fertile of fruits: and rain shall descend, quickening nature's productions, along the hollow valleys and the watered lawns. The poor cottager while he accompanies his goats distended with milk, shall leap for joy: the hills and the woods, friendly to wearied steers, shall bellow. Nutritive corn, floating in the spacious plains, shall cherish the eager hopes of the ploughman; that keeping holy-day he may sing to Thee a song in the festive shade.

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

MOSES SETTING FORTH GOD'S PROVIDENCE, COMPLAINETH OF HUMAN FRAGILITY, DIVINE CHASTISEMENTS, AND BREVITY OF LIFE. HE PRAYETH FOR THE KNOWLEDGE AND SENSIBLE EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S GOOD PROVIDENCE.

A Prayer of Moses the Man of God.

OUR dwelling-place, LORD, Thou hast been,
In generations all,
Before the rocky mountains rose
Stupendous, at Thy call;

Ere Thou hadst made this lower earth,
 With all Thy works, abroad,
 From everlasting, lo ! Thou art,
 To everlasting, God.

Unto destruction man Thou turn'st,
 (Who shall Thy ways arraign),
 Again, Thou sayest unto them,
 Return, ye sons of men : (a)
 For sure O LORD, a thousand years,
 Are only in Thy sight,
 As moments gone of yesterday,
 Or as a watch, by night.

So as the bark, mid rolling waves,
 Or yields or strives in vain ;
 Whelm'd in the deep, from things and men,
 We are not seen again.
 Like as a sleep we are ; like grass,
 Fresh in the morn, cut down ;
 At ev'ning scorch'd. Thine anger wastes,
 We tremble at Thy frown.

All our iniquities Thou dost,
 In Thy dread presence, place,
 And on our secret faults, descends,
 The shining of Thy face.

(a) THE passage in the opening of the psalm, by Tate and Brady, is very elegant, though departing a little from strict *literality*, which is indeed often unavoidable, in an elegant metrical translation.

“ Thou turn'st man, O LORD, to dust,
 Of which he first was made,
 And when Thou speak'st the word, *Return*,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.”

Our days are wing'd ! on us Thy wrath,
Rolls like a fiery wave :
Our life's a breath ; a spoken tale,
That's finish'd in the grave.

Should seventy revolving suns,
Mark out our wand'rings here,
Or should the sun of eighty years,
Light up our passing bier ;
Whilst life's accumulated ills,
Weigh on our hoary head ;
Our term's completed circle made,
We drop among the dead.

The power of Thine anger, who
Can know, nor cease to bless ?
For as our fear of Thee is great,
So is Thy graciousness.
O, teach us LORD, our days to weigh,
That so we may apply
Our hearts to truest wisdom, and
On Thee, our God, rely.

Return, O LORD, how long, return,
In graciousness repent,
Concerning those Thy servants frail,
Heirs of Thy covenant.
Let satisfaction in Thy love,
Our early portion be,
That joy of heart may crown our days,
The joy of loving Thee.

O, make us glad in equal time,
To our afflictions great,
That so the years in which we joy,
With sorrow may have weight,

And let Thy mighty works appear,
Unto Thy favour'd race,
The fulness of Thy glory, show,
The children of Thy grace. '

And let the beauty of the LORD,
Our ravish'd bosoms, fill ;
Our works of hand, confirm on us,
And consummate their skill.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

AN EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD CHEERFULLY, FOR HIS
GREATNESS, AND FOR HIS POWER.

A Psalm of Praise.

AWAKE in song to God, ye lands,
Ye men, exalt your earnest voice ;
JEHOVAH'S name your praise demands,
Come ye before Him and rejoice :
Know that the LORD is God alone,
From Him both we and all proceed,
We are His chosen ones, His own,
The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

O, come and tread His gates with praise,
Approach in song His sacred courts :
Your grateful souls divinely raise,
And bless His being in your hearts.
This do, the LORD our God is good,
His mercy lasts, and ever shall ;
His truth endureth, as it stood,
It stands to generations all.

BUCHANAN'S LATIN PARAPHRASE OF THE
FOREGOING PSALM.

ORBIS omnes incolae
 A Sole Eoo ad Hesperum
 Jubilate, et optimo
 Rerum parenti plaudite
 Menta laetâ, et ritibus
 Servitæ puris numini.
 Gestientes guadio
 Adite sancta limina.
 Illæ noster est Deus,
 Noster parens et conditor :
 Non enim nos finximus
 Ipsi, sed illius sumus,
 Qui levi de pulvere
 Alit creatos et regit.
 Ad fores ergo illius
 Adite læti, gratias
 Agite : festis laudibus
 Benignitatum pangite.
 Praedicate ceteris
 Numen beatum gentibus.
 Nam benignitas Dei,
 Et in suos clementia
 Clausa nullo est termino :
 Et firma stat pactis fides
 Posterorum posteris
 In sempiterna secula.

(*Lat. A Eoo Sole ad Hesperum.*) *Literally, From the Eastern Sun to the Evening-Star.*

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH PSALM.

AN EXHORTATION TO GIVE THANKS TO GOD FOR
PARTICULAR MERCIES.

O, THANK the LORD, for good is He ;
His mercies are an endless store ;
Thanks to the God of Gods, give ye,
His love will last, for evermore.

Thanks to the LORD of Lords, bestow,
His mercies are a plenteous store ;
Who only wonders great can do,
His love endureth, evermore.

Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth ;
His mercies are a boundless store :
And rais'd from parting seas, the earth,
His love abideth, evermore.

To Him who made the sun's great light ;
His mercies are an endless store ;
The moon and stars to gild the night ;
His love will last, for evermore.

Who Egypt's first-born justly slew ;
His mercies are a plenteous store ;
And Israel's bonds asunder drew ;
His love endureth, evermore.

With strongest hand, and stretch'd-out arm ;
His mercies are a boundless store ;
His people snatch'd from death and harm ;
His love abideth, evermore.

What aid ! the Red sea's wave disparta ;
His mercies are a plenteous store ;
And Israel pass with trusting hearts ;
His love endureth, evermore.

And lo ! as Pharaoh's hosts pursue ;
His mercies are an endless store ;
The slack'ning waves their pride o'erthrew ;
His love will last, for evermore.

To Him who led His people on ;
His mercies are a boundless store ;
In the dark wilderness unknown ;
His love abideth, evermore.

To Him who smote great kings, amain ;
His mercies are a plenteous store ;
Yea, famous kings in route, were slain ;
His love endureth, evermore.

E'en Sihon, king of Ammon's land ;
His mercies are an endless store ;
And Og, the prince of Bashan's band ;
His love will last, for evermore.

Their land He gave in heritage ;
His mercies are a boundless store ;
His servant Isra'l, as a pledge ;
His love abideth, evermore.

Who thought upon our abject woes ;
His mercies are a plenteous store ;
And gave us freedom from our foes ;
His love endureth, evermore.

Who needful food gives all that live ;
His mercies are an endless store ;
Thanks to the God of Heaven, give ;
His love will last, for evermore.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

THE PSALMIST EXHORTETH THE CELESTIAL, THE TERRESTRIAL,
AND THE RATIONAL CREATURES TO PRAISE GOD.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God, ye Heav'ns,
In all the heights Him praise ;
O, praise Him, ye His angels, ye,
His hosts, your voices raise.
O, praise ye Him, sun, moon, and stars,
Ye orbs of light and love ;
O, praise ye Him, ye Heav'ns of heav'ns,
Ye waters, heav'ns above.
O, let them all the name of God,
Exalt in song, for ever ;
For He commanded, and they were,
Decreed to alter, never.

Praise ye the LORD, out from the earth,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps ;
Fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy wind,
" Whom in command He keeps !"
Ye mountains, hills, ye fruitful trees,
Ye waving cedars high ;
Ye beasts, ye cattle, creeping things,
Ye fowls, that wing the sky.

Ye kings of earth, ye nations vast ;
Princes, ye judges too :
Ye young men, and ye maidens young ;
Old men, and children, you :—
O, let them all praise God, His name,
Alone is excellent :
His glory is above the earth,
Above the heavens, sent.—

High honours to His saints He gives,
Their horn exalteth, He,
Ev'n Israel's children whom He loves ;
Praise to the LORD give ye.

NOTE.—NO book of inspired song contributes to the canon of the New Testament. Among manifold reasons, perhaps for this—that in the Jewish Psalms a sufficient provision of Biblical song is made for the religious life of humanity. We never think of these psalms as the psalter of the Jewish Church only. We instinctively feel that they have a broader character, and are designed for a more catholic use. We of this nineteenth Christian century have no expressions for our various religious experiences so adequate as David's. When we pray the most fervently we use his words, when we praise the most rapturously we seize his harp. He speaks for us as no one else has spoken, the religious experiences of life, the great struggles of our soul—all that we can remember, experience, or hope—a penitence that our sorrow can never surpass, an ardour that we can but faintly share. Who, with all the religious light of the New Testament, and with all the religious culture of nineteen Christian centuries, can say that his spiritual experiences have outgrown David's psalms? If we hesitate to use them, it is because they go beyond our experiences rather than fall short of them. We work, we struggle, we pray, we pass through the daily vicissitudes of modern thought and feeling and action, and David's songs are more precious to us than Charles Wesley's hymns.—*Rev. Henry Allan, in Ecclesia.*



5

OCCASIONAL PIECES

OF

ORIGINAL POETRY.

1

2

3

4

5

6

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY LOST AND EARLY HOME.

A POEM.

"This man was born there."—Ps. 87.

O, ARCHERBECK, lone stream, what heart that lives,
Or ever liv'd, could love thee as I do, —
Dear scene of my paternal farm, long lost ;—
By baseness forc'd from all, in life's bright morn,
To brook a sad discrepancy, unchang'd :—
How oft I wander o'er thy sloping glades,
With woe-begotten steps, and as a child
I feel a tender inspiration giv'n,
To purity of heart, and gen'rous thought,
And all the charms of thinking solitude,
In the soft scene that meets me all around,
Far from the gratings of the vulgar crowd.—

Lone stream, thy windings all are dear to me :—
The silv'ry trout within thy pool, I love :—
Upon thy pebbled strand I find a tie ;
Where blooms the colts-foot, with its golden speck ;—
The gurgling of thy waters, yet assuage,
The tender trepidations of my soul ;
Like David's lyre, thy dulcet harmonies,
Soft, yet o'erpow'ring, soothe my aching heart.—

What should have given "life to life," I mourn :—
The early loss, nor reparation know,
Of happy issues from their happy source ;—

When as a romping boy, I careless ran,
To pluck the primrose lurking in thy steeps,
Or gather lilies on thy vernal meads ;—
To find those blessings wrung from me with scorn,
And sorrowing, dwell upon the weight of woe,
Like some dread shooting from a mountain's side,
That whelms my gen'rous spirit in the dust,
I feel a bitterness unknown to men ;—
Yet cowardice defy, and quail not here.—

Dear native stream, oft I revisit thee,
Like Milton in his blindness, fav'rite haunts,
And all my loss recount.—But find a pow'r,—
A boon is given by thee, unto my soul,
That I may yet experience, (grant it, Heav'n),
May yet experience in eternity ;—
The placid sweetness of thy rural shades ;
Thy happy distance from the haunts of vice ;
Thy crofty lands bearing the various grains,
And meadows broad, for the quick scythe, profuse,
Thy blossom on the pea,—thy clover'd riggs,
Scenting the breeze of heav'n with rich perfume ;—
Exuberant, the beauties of that plant,
Now smitten in the providence of God :—
My rev'rend grandsire, too, with rev'rend wig,
And *Kied*, his honest, large, and aged dog ;—
And blue-eyed Mary with the golden hair,
Fetching thy gentle “ kine,” with treasures vast,
From out the hawthorn brake, or daisied field :—
—Thy morning's Sabbath-bell, I think I hear :—
The voices of thy young and old, belov'd :—
Thy very play-things, all are dear to me :—
Thy *Tinnis* rising like a work of art ;

And all around invested with the mien,
 Of a sweet maiden, bless'd with sacred love ;
 And all so suited to a sense of home,
 By competence and genial virtue crown'd :—
 —I say, there is a boon by thee conferr'd ;
 A light upon the properties of mind ;
 That all the bitterness, and all the scorn,
 And all the injuries of knaves and fools,
 (—By thee and by religion still upheld,
 By a sound spirit, and a heart as sound :—)
 Have not extinguish'd, giv'n me when thy boy. (a)

Never shall I forget thee, lovely stream,
 Dear scene of my paternal farm, " long lost " :—
 The joys of guileless childhood calls aloud,
 And more,—the stirrings of some early love,—
 The bonds of sacred friendship, too, are thine,
 A widow'd mother's deep emotions, more :—
 And many little fancies I preserve,—
 Such, as the scene, upon an April morn,
 Of a fond mother and her little boy,
 On the short furrows, by thy lucid wave :—
 A glancing sheet is from his shoulder hung,
 And he sows barley with a willing hand,
 Elate, and prouder, from her eager praise.—

- (a) The gem is formed by rays of light, which make
 It shine for ever, so my tender soul,
 In its fine porous being to *uptake*,
 Has drunk thy solar visions, to control,

Resist the darkest storms of angry fate,
 And to resist them onward, saved from strife,
 Saved from the darker gulf, and dingy hate,
 To meet the stream, and drink immortal life.

My rev'rend grand-dame, too, another scene,
 Laving her linens from thy sacred brook ;
 And then, anon, devoutly sitting down
 Upon thy daisied shelf, — her *glasses* sought,
 And Sol's divinest beams directly sent,
 She reads aloud upon a certain *Book*,
 Of which good Collins said, " It is the best." (a)
 —And when I think of all my sires, away,
 Borne one by one upon the spoke or hearse,
 To yon church-yard, so beauteously beset,
 By wood and rock and Esk's relucient stream,
 " Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,"
 A lovelier not shines in Britain's isle ;
 And I myself a lonely outcast, — driv'n, —
 Driv'n here or there, as cruel Fate directs, —
 I quail not 'neath the lash, but wander on,
 Seeking for HOPE, my *dernier* subterfuge,
 And with that *hope* a home, that I may rest ; —
 Hope dries the vagrant's tears, I onward go, —
 Hope is a mistress, and a fair one, too, —
 I grasp her hand, — hush ! — Hope and I are wed.
 " Wishing of all employments is the worst," (c)
 Said my beloved Young, inspired sage,
 But Hope finds an assuasive in all states, —
 In pain, and want, and wretchedness, a stay ;
 Hope is a friend to those who have no friend,
 A beauteous star in this dull scene of things ;
 A lamp to cheer the distant mariner : —
 —Now I have hit on Campbell, and desist,

 (a) *Vide* Life of Collins.

(b) Denham's Coopers Hill.

(c) Night Thoughts.

By saying that the *wild* delights me so,
That still I think I hear, whilst yet a boy,
"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore." (d)

Hope has attendant ills, besides all this,—
Hope is a bantling, oft caress'd, and woo'd,
A plaything for the idle and the vain :—
Her blessings only are with men of sense,
Who turn her inspirations to account :—
—Hope "*gets not gain*," she trusts in Providence ;
Poor Goldsmith had "three clinking shillings left," (e)
How often less !—but Genius wrought the charm,
And gave him wherewithal to eat and drink.

Th' enchantress Hope has led me oft too far,
And led me from the subject of my song,
The subject of a song for all mankind :—
Yea, this is not your rest (f)—our home is Heav'n ;—
When by a countenance with sorrow, sad, (g)
The soul is purg'd from dross,—the heart refin'd :
When patience's term is full, and trial pass'd ; (h)
"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil," (i)
And given up our all and earthly hold,
Some better region waits us in the skies,
Which Deity in mercy, has vouchsaf'd,
To those of humble heart and lowly mind,
To all the good, the pious, and the just,
To all the ransomed from outer woe,

(d) Pleasures of Hope.

(e) Goldsmith's Essays.

(f) Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.—MICAH ii, 10.

(g) ECCLESIASTES vii, 3.

(h) ST. JAMES i, 4.

(i) Shakespeare's Hamlet.

To all whose worth of heart, by worth is felt ; (j)
 —In gratitude, in zeal, in constancy ;
 In love of God, and Heav'n-born virtue, crown'd,
 Their adorations rise, and know no bounds,
 And ceases not the homage of their hearts.—
 Where those that lov'd on earth, shall meet again,
 With their unbounded charities inspir'd ;
 " Where free as air congenial souls shall meet," (k)
 (A consummation to be wish'd by all),
 And melt in love or into fervour burn,
 And find a union perfect and secure :
 Perhaps the stellar heav'ns to range, as thought,
 To pass into remote,—or solemn fane,
 Or altar raise, unto the great, I AM ;—
 To think and act on some exalted theme,
 Or scan some scene of childhood, by the way.—

Little we know of Heav'n, but by the name,
 An everlasting home, where pain is not,
 And ev'ry tear for ever wiped away,—
 And that our light afflictions here below,
 " Work for us an eternal weight of bliss." (l)

Thy mountains, Scotland, and thy graphic vales,
 Thy clouds of crimson, and cerulean skies,
 Thy glassy lakes, and precipices dim,
 Thy rolling tempests, and thy snowy wastes,
 Thy roaring cataracts, and groaning woods,
 " Staffa's hosannas" (m) and Iona mute, (n)

(j) Where worth of the heart alone is distinction in the man.—BURNS.

(k) Goëthe in Werther.

(l) 2 CORINTHIANS IV, 17.

(m) Oceanic hosannas of Staffa.—Rev. Dr. Macrea, in a Public Speech.

(n) See Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Excite emotions in our eager hearts,
 Train all our sympathies, and fill our minds,
 With images of awe, and thoughts sublime,
 And to religion give a higher tone. (a)

Dec. 25, 1859.

(a) AS the subject has always had a deep hold upon my own mind, I may add a few remarks to the Poem itself.

My beloved home and the scene of my early happiness and freedom of mind, has a quite different aspect now, than that which it had in the days of my boyhood. It is now somewhat like an antique building dismantled. Its *home-appearance*, and sense of rural comfort which it displayed from apparent industry and attention, has long ago vanished. Not many years after I left my paternal site, what we used to distinguish by, *my grandfather's barn*,—disappeared. It was like an old church for size, venerable looking, and stood obliquely apart from the other houses. It was a lofty, clay-built house, with splendid oak "*syles*," and "*panes*" supporting the roof. My grandfather built it himself. A wandering piper used to make my grandfather's house his home frequently at nights. He, and all the younger ones, myself among them, servant girls, and so on, used to repair to the large barn at night, and dance. I have likewise seen a wedding dinner party in it.

My grandfather's dwelling-house, was also a clay-built, rural dwelling. Two pretty—open Cumberland windows; (my grandfather was from Cumberland,) with small panes in a framing of lead, were on each side of a wall-post, in which one side of the "*Syle*" stood, and looking towards the east.—These were in the kitchen part. A fine old clock, large meal "*kist*," long-settle, and green holly, ranged round the bottom of the rafters, were some of the appurtenances, besides a curious, thick octavo, small-typed printed English Bible, printed in Charles the First's time, drew my young attention. It included the Book of Common Prayer, and had also bound with it, Hopkins and Sternhold's version of the Psalms of David.

But I would not be done, with dwelling on the subject. Suffice it to say that the house in which I was born,—my father's,—to the south, and full of light (I am a lover of light still,) has long ago disappeared.—My father's very good barn too, rebuilt a little before his death, is also gone. Not the half of the houses of that day are standing now.

It is curious to say, that notwithstanding my being driven out of the place by a mistaken uncle, only two years after I had possession of it; being then about eighteen years of age, I was so sanguine of it as a *life residence*, that I had a new dwelling-house fully planned in my own mind, and had it full in my eye—at the top of a fine croft, (*Thorn-buss-croft*), a little apart from the other houses, with fine sloping ground round it, and open to the south and west. It was; or I may say, it is still, a slated well-built dwelling, in my own imagination, with large windows, (hand-some :) with two fronts, one to the south—with the front door, and another part of the house fronting to the west. No finer scene could be anywhere, as a pastoral or rural one, shrubs, a garden, a well near by, with plantation, were all in my eye; and to my lasting regret, it might all have been

ELEGIES.

THE TRIBUTE OF TEARS ON THE EARLY DEATH OF A VALUED FRIEND.

"A few summer days, and a few winter nights, and the life of man
is at an end."

(Beautiful story of Anningait and Ajut in the Rambler.)

THY pulse hath ceased, and thou art gone,
Beneath yon troubled, twilight sky,
The shades of night, around thee thrown,
And gusts of wind, thy lullaby.

realized :—But why should I say, poor unfortunate, romantic boy : the fulness of thy romantic temperament could never have been made up : It was God's will that it should be so, and the fulfilment of thy wishes must be in another sphere.

I can hardly refrain from enumerating, by their familiar names, some of the more interesting sections of our farm. Such were these :—*Thornbuss-croft, Lang-lea*,—between which ran a splendid, high-standing hedge, in the old style ;—also, *Chirnleuch-croft*,—*Chirnleuch-syke-side*, *Howe-lan'*,—*Butts*,—*Souters-faul'*,—*Breckony-knowe*,—all these are croft land,—*Muckle-bog*,—*Little-bog*,—*Potts-howm*,—*Midgey-hole*,—*Cow-cloze*,—*Newlan' Blacklan'*,—*Ellery-hole*,—*Little-moss*,—*Janet's-knowe*,—*Bent*,—*Brunicleuch-faul'*,—*Brunicleuch-syke*,—*Breckony-knowe*,—(second),—*Faerburn*, *Tod-holes*, *Riggies-hole*, with many other places of lesser note. The soft, dark, and leafy alder, the palmy, the silvery willow, the mountain-ash, on whose "berries red" I have seen a host of blackbirds making their breakfast, on some sweet morning in mellow October ; as also the "scented birk and hawthorn hoar," are all swept away with their living coevals.

Written this evening, the 23rd of January 1860, at midnight.

FROM AN EARLIER POEM ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

AND thou, my rudest, first and happiest dwelling,
I see the all of life around thee, yet ;
Thy outs and ins high on my bosom swelling,
In time's receding, hallowed vista set.

And thou wilt sleep unbroken sleep,
When turmoil wakes the world, amain,
When future summer dews shall weep,
And future winters, bind the plain ;

And thou art gone, and with thee fled,
The support of a gen'rous flame,
To loftiness and beauty wed,
In thee, and in thy valued name.

For twice ten years our friendship stood,
Without a jar, without a void,
In gravity, or joyous mood,
And trial found it, unalloy'd.

Thy imperfections misted all in time,
Thy homely pursuits venerable with age ;
Thy breathings powerful, far aloof from crime,
In the calm season of thy sire's pilgrimage.

And more ; thy rural maids of loveliest light,
In reaper band, or dress'd for village fair ;
With subtle voice, and eyes supremely bright,
When we would form the braids of Chloe's hair.—

When ev'ning soft in stilly sweetness fell,
And breezes brush'd the tinkling stream afar,
Then latent passions would resistless swell,
And despot Love awaken all his war ;

As muffled swain in some tall shadow's base,
Would watch his burly rival, luckless sped ;
Or soft in casement to his lovely lass,
Would comment wildly, how he felt and bled.

Or past the figure of a tall gazoon,
That threw its mighty shade beyond the gate,
Formed by the sickly light of slanting moon,
And an old barn with owls, obliquely set,

There at the base of fallow-oak, and torn,
Would tell of lover's fires, and Cupid's dart,
In accents uttered 'neath pale Cynthia's horn,
That shook the mighty empire of the heart,—

Thy easy port, and manners bland,
 Thy grateful smile, and words sincere,
 Thy loving heart, and open hand,
 To honesty and honour, dear,

—Thou yieldest now, as all must yield,
 To Heav'n's inscrutable behest,
 And kindred hearts, *not* reconcil'd,
 Must bid thy "gentle spirit rest"—

Yea, gentleness was all thine own,
 A spirit great and meek, was thine ;
 Aggression foul received no frown,
 The path of peace thy chosen line.

The voice of maid by shepherd's cottage, lorn ;
 The ev'ning sky, past the blue mountain, far ;
 The stilly rush of midnight breezes borne ;
 The halo of a pure and little star ;

The full-orb'd moon, prone upon winter snows ;
 The summer sunset on a billowy sea ;
 Th' untrodden sward where single daisy blows,
 Are things of feeling, and not less to me,

Where all the scene around is doubly dear,
 Ev'n this my early home on Scotland's plain ;
 —No hope have I, indulgent CAVALIER,
 To worship in these sacred shades again.

After all these things, I may remark, that my grandfather would be about 60 years in the farm of Nether Millsteads :—that he would come thither when he became a married man. He died in the month of January 1812, at the advanced age of 86 years.

My father, James Graham, died in 1801, being then only forty-three years of age. I can remember very well, after that date, of seeing my name in the rental-books, along with my grandfather's name, thus :—*William Graham and Grandson*, my mother and I retaining the third of the farm, after my father's death.—I have made these statements for the sake of those into whose hands this paper may fall, when I am laid in my grave.—

But here a scene of cruelty and ingratitude opens to me,—a scene of encroachment upon my natural and just rights, by a mistaken relative, to whom the opportunity of ill-treating me was left, by admitting him as a half-sharer in my farm, a limited time, and trusting to him, as a generous

Thy well-pois'd mind no more from strife,
 Of acrimonious ills will save ;
 With thee the soothing draughts of life,
 Withdraw themselves to yonder grave.

And wilt thou still O, Death, thy vigils keep,
 Nor for a moment yield, relentless power,
 Nor force disarm thee, humid eyes that weep,
 Nor flatt'ry, soothing, in some softer hour.

Nor thunders break thy spell, nor voice of friend,
 Adducing reasons to affections strain ;
 Nor sullen creak of door, nor cries that blend,
 With wolfish howl of winds, to Winter's reign :

boy would do, to a favourite uncle, without any written agreement ; (a verbal one only ;) and who subsequently proceeded to act,—when he found it in his power, altogether as he himself liked to do.—But I must break off at once, by saying :—that with a hundred remembrances, and impressions ;—that with a host of cold injuries, and heartless arbitrations ;—by a train of mistakes from my own inexperience, and the incaution and weakness of my friends ;—and that, more,—from the course of my education for one of the professions being neglected ;—having no judicious and intelligent person, to direct and counsel me ;—and that, last—not least, my delightful and congenial resource, and beloved home, being wrung from me at the very time of life, when the mind is most hopeful and ardent,—from all these, I say ;—with all my light-heartedness—I allege it is no wonder, that in place of indulging in a frivolous disposition, I should not oftentimes be sad ;—nay, that sometimes, a degree of deep sorrow should overtake me, and that I should often feel a bitterness of heart, even at this moment :—But could it be said of me, as it was said by the faithful Eumæas, on his arrival at the island of Ithaca, after an absence of twenty years of vicissitude and suffering,—from his dominions, his faithful Penelope, and happiness ;—

“ He who much has suffer'd, much will know.”

All this might do me good in the end.—I can only say ; it has been God's will that it should be so ; while at the same time, I very plainly perceive, that all men of deep sensibility, make much of what would appear to other men only as a matter of course.—

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

February, 1860.

Nor poetry's full sweep, all lachrymal,
To living harmony, and lasting verse,
In accents bearing round thy fun'ral pall,
To wake thy worth, and Phylo's tale rehearse :

How bootless all and vain, the bourne is past,
Whence thou canst never, never more return ;
Yet cease I not whilst love and being last,
To pour my sorrows o'er a brother's urn,

And talk thy virtues o'er to passers by ;
Where goodness marks the way, we love to tread,
Receive a moral and a hope descry,
And a new path with higher motives led.

My spirit hovers round thy clay,
Whence lately shone refining fires,
And to those fires borne away,
My longing soul aspires,

Far and sublime beyond the sky,
Where swallowed up and blest,
In rounded immortality,
Great, gentle spirits rest,—

—Let Autumn in her sombre moods,
Thy exit's emblems bring,
And redbreasts round thy grave's pale woods,
Thy fun'ral requiems sing ;

Let daisies sweet, 'neath meek-eyed Spring,
Bend o'er thee the tinted crest,
And ev'ry sound of the softest wing,
Bid thy "gentle spirit rest."

THE FLOWER OF STANNERBURN.

(May be sung to a sweet emotional air—The Rose of Allandale.)

“ Whom the gods love, they die young.”

A saying among the Ancients.

HOW oft thy grand recess I hail,
And all thy beauties greet,
In childhood seen, O, Langholm vale,
And more than others, sweet ;
Converging streams, green hills, and high ;
Woods, mansions, bow'rs :—I turn,
From all, to sing of her, and sigh,
The flow'r of Stannerburn.

Graceful, I saw her first in thee,
Fair hair'd, a little maid,
Rich promise of high destiny,
To *him* with heart and head :
How sad the thought, when years have flown,
And grief my heart hath worn,
To know and tell that thou art gone,
Sweet flow'r of Stannerburn.

That hour I held a happy hour,
When to my garland chaste,
I yet could add another flow'r,
And lovelier than the rest ;
But Fate, ah ! cruel Fate, in wrath,
That one from me hath torn ;
Yea, wasted by a with'ring breath,
The flow'r of Stannerburn.


I lately trod her father's hall,
Nor could I Mary see ;
They've borne to the sepulchral wall,
Lov'd Mary o'er the lea ;
Full be our hearts, with many a tear,
Our day in gloom be shorn,
A light hath left us, with her bier,
The flow'r of Stannerburn.

You've heard of Mary Scott, I ween,
The flow'r of Yarrow's vale,
A fairer Mary Scott I've seen,
The pride of all Tynedale ;
Now blighted in her teens she's gone,
To fill her narrow urn ;
And we inscribe her churchyard stone,
The flow'r of Stannerburn.

The shepherd's voice, her spirit hears,
Or Tyne's soft song, by night ;
Oh ! no, 'tis gone to Heav'n and wears,
A robe of dazzling light :—
But dark clouds roll, and dread storms rave,
And lone hill-breezes mourn,
And sweep along her grassy grave,
The flow'r of Stannerburn.

LINES ON THE SAME OCCASION.

O, MARY, thou art gone for aye,
From this sad scene of moil and strife,
To bloom in Heav'n, nor know decay,
Where ever flow the streams of life ;



Such sights to see, such hearts to greet,
 And find thy happiness complete :—
 —Like thee, to meet thee, we must die,
 Nor grudge thy flight above the sky.

NOTE.—Mary Scott, alluded to in the preceding verses, and called in Scottish song, the Flower of Yarrow, was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and was married to Walter Scott of Harden, a renowned free-booter, in the reign of Queen Mary. His castle, originally a place of great strength, was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals, to meet the Borthwick.

Leyden says in his *Scenes of Infancy*,

“ The Scott, to rival realms a nightly bar,
 Here fixed his mountain home, a wide domain,
 And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;
 But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
 From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.”

A PARENT'S GRAVE.

“ I see her with immortal beauty glow :—
 Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown.”—*Thomson*.

HOW soft the night—how silently,
 The moon looks down on yonder grave,
 Where mould'ring lies a heart, to me,
 The best and warmest, Heav'n e'er gave.

Those arms that gave the fond embrace,
 In childhood's term, upon thy knee,
 Disparted now, and hollowness,
 Now marks the tender-kindling eye.

My mother dear !—O, left, alone,
Forsaken, outcast, in distress,
And doubly so, when thou art gone,
Who bor'st to me such tenderness.

Thy burning heart—my mother,—still,
O'erflow'd with love for me, for all ;
Ye poor and selfish ones,—how will,
Yours, self-accus'd, in judgment fall,

When human hearts, that judgment tries ;
When, purchas'd from their sins, in blood,
Shall in their Saviour's image rise,
And stand accepted,—all the good.

My mother dear, thy sacred grave,
Mid serried mansions of the dead,
A flood of tears could oft receive,
In bitterness of being, shed :

This all my heart and soul could do,—
But I must gird my loins, and try,
(For duty here will have it so,)
Thy patience in adversity ;—

And seek thy home in heav'nly bow'r,
To life and all its ills resign'd,
And piously await the hour,
When dust shall be to dust, consign'd ;

And O, how soft, and silently,
Full often, 'neath a moonlight sky,
My calmest sleep with thine will be,
Till night and all its shadows fly.

Yes, O, thou lovely moon, with thee,
 I look on yonder lowly grave,
 Where mould'ring lies a heart, to me,
 The best and warmest, Heav'n e'er gave. (a)

THE INTERMENT OF THE SWAINS IN ETTLETON.

"How short our correspondence with the sun."—*Dr. Young.*

SANK the warm sun beyond yon lovely hill,
 And sent a slanting ray across the wold ;
 Was faintly heard a scanty mountain rill,
 Mutt'ring strange mem'ries of the days of old :

Reposing 'neath its lulling minstrelsy,
 An ancient hill-bound cemetery rose ;
 In years long past, a church, and yet a tree,
 The aged sentinel of Death's repose.

Come a dense group, a pall is borne this way,
 And the sun's rays, to consecrate the deed ;
 A father and his friends, with slow assay,
 Low'r the new tenant to his narrow bed. (b)

(a) The above is only the elementary part of what I could have wished in a higher range of poetry.—W. G.

*. "Many poems will yield an exquisite pleasure to the imagination, that produce no emotion in the heart."

Somewhere met with by the author, in a quotation from HALLAM.

(b) For the sake of those who reside in the peaceful and pastoral vale of Liddesdale, it may be necessary to observe, that the opening portion of this Elegy was something like a *proposed* revision, on the same subject, written by a dear friend. My revision being laid aside, was subsequently taken up, and carried out in my own way.—W. G.

Falls a hot tear, a father's rolling tear,
Upon the coffin-lid, and *William's* name ;
What tribute of this earth so justly dear,
As that which all the good may justly claim.

Strike the full heart, dull sounds from the first clod ;
Rolling like thunder let the echoes fall,
Around the wand'rer on life's thorny road,
To give " the needful, but neglected call."

Men drop into the grave, years glide away,
They drop into the grave :—without a start,
The silly *spar'd ones*, spar'd, perhaps a day,
Look on with vacant eye, and careless heart.—

It rains,—it snows,—or burns with solar heat ;—
A mournful grouping climbs yon rugged path ;—
Another swain :—no more his pulses beat :—
And he must slumber in the arms of Death,

On this hill slope, above the narrow vale,
'Mid the rank nettles, and recumbent grass ;
Where many a stone, arising, bears a tale :
A name, an age, of death, the time, and place :—

Though mellow Autumn wave the "spiky blade,"
Or grey cold Winter troubled tresses wear,
Though " meek-eyed" Spring breathe softly in the glade,
And heav'nly Summer, up the vale repair ;—

Though generations come and others go,
And rolling time affect both things and men,
Though ages pass away, and changes grow,—
Here will they sleep !—here will they slumber on !—

Ah! can we doubt what Heav'n has told us!—no,
 Or can we doubt the justice of its *ruth*?—
 On the "last enemy" shall conquest go,
 And a release to all who held the truth:—

A shaking yet shall come,—how changeful too;—
 Ev'n here the dry and dingy bones shall shake;—
 The old receptacles shall open now,
 And dazzling forms, to happy being wake:—(a)

Most sure our Saviour rose, so shall we rise,
 By His omnipotence, when sweetly, He
 Shall come to call us to the native skies,
 Of love, and bliss, and immortality.

THE TOMB OF MORA.

A WINTER PIECE.

*Written in a night, not dark, with occasional showers of thin
 flaky snow.*

"There, O, my Lucia, may I meet thee there."—*Night Thoughts.*

THE winter's snows were falling fast,
 The northern skies discharg'd their blast,
 When midnight horrors clos'd in haste,
 Around my Mora's tomb.

(a) "Thus saith the LORD God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves."—*Ezekiel, xxxvii, 12.*

The moon's dim form hung muffled now,
 The meteors gleam'd on heav'n's brow,
 The tall, gaunt ghosts, stalk'd through and through,

Where rose my Mora's tomb.

The gurgling streams were fast ice-bound,
 The heavy woods hung black around,
 And screech-owl notes with leaguering sound,

Pass'd o'er my Mora's tomb.

In shades and desolation drear,
 My throbbing heart untouch'd by fear,
 I hesitating, found me near,

The place of Mora's tomb.

Now, ev'ry record of the past,
 My lacerated heart confess'd,
 In anguish undefin'd, distress'd,

I sunk upon her tomb.

I laid me down on her low bed,
 And o'er her own my aching head,
 My beating bosom, sorrowing, bled,

Upon my Mora's tomb.

My Mora dear, I loudly cried,
 For thee my Mora had I died ;
 Then thou could'st wept in beauty's pride,

Upon my grassy tomb—

Snatch'd from my arms, my Mora, torn,
 My love, my light, in blooming morn,
 By Death, and immaturely borne

Away into the tomb.

* * * * *

The snow upon her grave, it gleam'd,
 The woodbine steep, in light it seem'd,
 I turn'd mine eyes, whence radiance stream'd,
 From off my Mora's tomb.

When, lo ! my Mora stood, and meet,
As angel mild, my thoughts to greet,
In radiant white, sublimely sweet,
As I lay on her tomb.

Pale Cynthia's setting beam, came there,
Which show'd her eyes, as form'd in air !
Yet fix'd as fate on mine, though fair,
As I rose from her tomb.

"Thou warmest of the sons of men,"
(She said, and rais'd her hand, and then,)
"Thy ardent love hath reach'd the ken,
Beyond the narrow tomb.

"I come to stay thy sorrowing groan,
Which rais'd to Heav'n its anguish'd moan,
For what is not recall'd, when gone,
Beyond the earthly tomb.

"O, wait awhile, my burning love,
A little while, in faith to prove,
The union of our souls above,
When we are past the tomb.

"Seest thou yon little, purest star,
In opening of the sky, afar,
Beyond the which, no griefs shall mar,
When past the narrow tomb.

"There pain or sorrow never stings,
But joy to heav'nly vision springs,
And Love still 'waves his purple wings,'
When we are past the tomb."

I turn'd to look upon that star,
Again, where stood my heavenly fair,
But she had pass'd away, in air,
And left me at her tomb.


—The deep'ning shades, they darker grew,
The hollow winds, they fiercer blew,
And troubled leaves were pil'd anew,
Upon my Mora's tomb.

At my home in Canoby, in the winter of 1845.

MOONLIGHT AND CANOBIE CHURCHYARD.

[THE author could not say within five, or even ten years, when the following was written. It forms a part of one of his Essays published in 1843. He remembers the whole living scene, however, with a degree of vividness, which he has not always experienced.]

“SOUNDS of excitement amongst my young cattle, of a very harmless and rural description, drew me out in the middle of a September night, now many years ago. I was struck at once, with a scene around me of unutterable loveliness. Previously for a whole month it had rained incessantly, but now a change had taken place in the atmosphere to give to the golden harvest, rich moonlight, superabundance of heat, sunny days, and cerulean skies. The full moon hung straight in the south, and poured an excess of soft and silvery light over the silence of Nature. An abundant collection of thin buoyant vapour, was built round the edge of the horizon, from south-east to south-west, and imbibed an additional whiteness from that silver luminary, while here and there a wandering cloud, tinged with a purple radiance, served to break the uniformity of the blue ether. No scene could be better fitted for tranquillizing the mind and affections, and inducing a train of moral sentiment, or religious emotion; no situation could be more friendly to the full exercise of the soul of man, and for separating its original destinies from the vanity and insignificancy of terrestrial enjoyments. Seldom has a scene



come home to my heart with such a full and indivisible impression, and in a magnitude so important and momentous. It carried the past and the future along with it, and seized upon my whole soul. Before me in the very focus of that splendid and moral scene, lay the sleeping tenants of the dust. There, my fathers slept. I was alive and active then, but were we not to sleep together? There the remains of a good and wise father rested, the natural guardian of my youth, borne away from me in my infant years. O! my good and pious father, what an infinite loss was the deprivation of thy love and affection, to thy unprotected child, in a mean and cruel world! Thy worth is too sacred for the embodiments of poetry itself, but thy memory is embalmed in my affections for ever!—The soft, pure, and lone mountain breeze passed over me, and around me; my heart thrilled, and seemed to mix with it, and expand with it, and go along with its soft wafture. I turned for a moment; and a distant halo seemed to pervade the site of the modern Athens. I was a worm, and would soon fall; but she would stand to distant posterity: the hills were around me and stable;—but my soul would survive, even them:—its destinies would be in force after a thousand ages, in some unknown sphere in the infinitude of the universe of God. And again,—oh! ye sleeping tenants of the dust, beneath the soft and sacred beams of the moon.—The soul is away,—the particles of the warm heart and brain have commingled with the dust of the earth; but the affections of the heart, and the perceptions of the brain, are yet free, and entire, and expanded; some in the possession of the DEITY, and enduring felicity;—and some—but we recede.—O! ye slumbering tenants of the dust, thought I again, under the stilly beams of the moon; I have talked to you, I have conversed with you; our hearts have beat in unison, we have been as one soul: but you are mute company now;—you are sparing of your converse;—you betray

an indifference to terrestrial concerns. Oh ! that we could imitate you, and disentangle our souls from this clod of earth, this scene of sorrow ;—you are inclined to sleep,—the night of death and of darkness has overtaken you,—you are in the valley and land of the shadow of death ;—not one of you exclaims for a moment,—“ It is a bright and a burning day ! ”—nor another of you responds, for an instant,—“ It is a dark and a dreary night ! ” The summer breeze and the winter blast, seem not to affect you,—the renovating softness of the genial spring, or the rich beneficence of yellow autumn,—still you evince the same inattentive apathy,—the same inclination to slumber, and be at rest !—

Thy placid beams, O moon, are favourable to the fine virtues and affections.—Love and graciousness seemed to pervade every locality, and to enshrine every object. What a stillness was around me ; even the scarcely perceptible breathings of tranquillity. My soul dilated, and felt enlarged, in the universal hush of the sacred and midnight scene. Where are the evil propensities of our nature now ? thought I. Where are the heartburnings and corrosions of this evil and turbulent life ? Ah ! they are only for a moment suspended, to be renewed again with increasing ardour :—

* * * * *

Now, in place of extending our moral observations, getting into tedium, and losing the effect of what we have already said, and to unburden our melancholy a little, let us finish our remarks, by transcribing, as very suitable to our purpose, the celebrated “ Night Piece,” or moonlight scene in Pope’s *Iliad* of Homer.

“ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O’er heav’n’s clear azure sheds her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o’ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber’d gild the glowing pole ;

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in concert rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
 The conscious swains, rejoicing at the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

We will also give Cowper's translation, and take the whole passage—

The Trojan Host, Book VIII.

"Big with great purposes and proud they sat,
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
 Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires,
*As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
 Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
 Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
 The boundless blue, the ether open'd wide
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd ;*
 So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between
 Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
 In prospect all of Troy : a thousand fires,
 Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near,
 The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
 Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
 Aurora should restore the light of day."

GOODNESS OF HEART

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF A DECEASED
 NEIGHBOUR.

(*From the columns of a Provincial Paper of Nov. 1843.*)

"AFTER a short and severe illness, and in the prime of life,"
 a married lady, whose name and place of abode, we withhold from
 these pages.

"This unexpected stroke, has caused a blank in the domestic
 circle, and amongst her friends and acquaintances, which cannot
 be supplied.

Generous by nature, inheriting a fund of good sense, clever,
 enterprising, and industrious, that essential attribute of the
 virtue of charity, which arises from compassion and sympathy

of heart, was proved in her, not by word only, but also by deed. In this her piety and gratitude to the Giver of all good was manifested.

That free and unaffected hospitality, known in olden times, was fully recognized in her deportment in all its freshness and spirit, and acquired a great increase of merit, by being maintained in more degenerate days. Institutions for our moral improvement may be multiplied, modes of religious practice may be espoused, and ostentatiously observed, when the heart is closed to the sympathies, and the charities of our nature ;—those tests of moral and religious conviction and truth ; and it may be added, that though education and human training may give the deportment an amelioration and grace, so perfect, as to be sometimes mistaken for the gift of nature ; yet God alone can endow the heart with those fine qualities, which human art and human science can never bestow."

REFLECTIONS ON FINDING A YOUNG SHEEP ENTANGLED IN A BRIER.

[INCOMPLETE.]

A SHEEN of white glanced through the night ;
Embodied meekness, pure and bright ;—
Thy lovely face, my lamb,—it was :—

The God of Heaven was named by thee ;—
Thee, whom He made, and now I see,
Sweet yearling lamb, held by a brier,—
Till left by ev'ry gentle mate,
To woe, and solitude, and fate,
In winter's deepest ire.—

When he, *thy* mate, as home he por'd,
 With edibles, for winter's board,—
 Down from his right, amain :—
 A tiny, yet a live turmoil,—
 No doubt, to brave the curs'd coil :—
 He look'd, and look'd again.—

Thanks to the gods for feeling,—Sirs :
 They who have none, are worse than curs,
 Or cannibals, or *coofs*.

December winds shriek'd o'er the plain,
 The long, long night, was foul with rain,
 Loud roar'd the streams beneath ;
 Distress, unknown ! no soul to trace,
 Thy meek and melancholy face ;—
 The issue must be death.—

* * * * *

WELL do I remember the above incident. Returning home one night, in my lonely errands to Mr. Scott's shop, Claygate, with "edibles" for the time-being, and passing on my way past Greenburn, the dwelling of one of my neighbours, the evening became very dark ; I, however, went cautiously forward, until I was past the top of a well-known scaur, when in the deep gloom of the night, I thought I could perceive *a flashiny of whiteness*, at intervals, about fifty yards below the place where I was standing, and judging immediately the occasion, I went down to the place near the stream, and there found a case of sadness, like my own, a dear little lamb, detained and fastened in a brier-bush. I resolved immediately on its release, but had no pocket-knife with me. I hastened home, laid down my provisions, snatched up my sharp table-knife, and threaded my way back to the spot, took hold of the little dear, and set about cutting and cleaning off, the whole of the briers ; and when it

was completely freed, I did not allow it to jump away all at once, but led it gently to the top of the bank, and detained it for a moment, so as it might recover its gentle instincts ; loosed my affectionate hold, when it went slowly up the hill, to join its familiar mates on the short heath, and be happy.

The whole interest of the story is in a dutiful act of compassion and benevolence, and the pleasure derived from it, and the obligations we are under by every means in our power, to enforce the sentiment on ourselves and others. Many a time and oft have I released these little innocents from the hold of the "trailing brier."

AN ACROSTIC

ON AN EXCELLENT YOUNG GIRL OF MY ACQUAINTANCE,
NOW LONG IN HER GRAVE.

MUCH they will owe thee, who discern thy mind,
In truth and native loveliness, refin'd ;
Sweet lady of the heav'nly mien and eye,
Sacred art thou to love and chivalry ;

And all the fine emotions of the soul,
Growth of maturest sense and classic taste ;
Nor is thy dulcet sway a stern control ;
Ev'n dullness feels thy grateful empire, just ;
Sweet peace, pure joy, undying love, and trust.

O, lady of the kind and spotless heart,
Long may'st thou live and bloom in Scotland's vale,
In all thy purity, from ills apart : —
Vowing, the boon we crave, who love thee well :
Ever possess thy soul with those its peers ;
Redeem'd to joys Divine, and high and holier spheres.

October, 1845.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY A YOUNG LADY'S SINGING ALONG WITH HER
PERFORMANCE ON THE PIANOFORTE.

THE man is charm'd from what his friend imparts
To him, of Celadine, in music's arts ;
The man, forsooth, who writes a *bagatelle*,
Or inspiration cites at beauty's call ;
Let wit, and sense, and taste, with beauty move,
For these are Celadine's, and these we love.
—Soon as her snowy fingers touch the *keys*,
Emotion burns, and all the heart agrees ;
And the rapt soul is borne sublime, the while,
Around the "Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle,"
And "Robin Adair," and the "Banks of Doon,"
Accomp'nied by her voice give love's soft swoon—
And as my friend had said, the bosom glows,
Through all that sacred melody, "Montrose."

Continue still to charm, O, Celadine,
By music, sense, and taste, your friends and mine ;
And as your friend and I, so oft agree,
To talk of those we love, and poesy,
Sure Celadine will live, presiding there,
The object of a blessing, or a prayer :—
—But what regret ! the inspiration bland,
Comes only to my heart, at *second hand*. — (a)

(a) Communicated by my dear friend Mr. A. Murray, and addressed
to him.

REMARKS

CONNECTED WITH THE SUBSEQUENT STANZAS.

THE following verses were written on the excitement given to me, by the absence of four young sheep, belonging to my little flock, in the severe indications of a snow-storm. They are forty years old, yet I think they are worth the transcribing. How often have I stood and looked on these little innocents, being wrapt in thought, and indulging the operations of fancy, when I had followed them from their broom-clad banks, and when they were all peacefully and amicably huddled together, and resting, in a lowering and breathless winter evening, upon the dark and sombre heath; and when my attention was arrested by the combined patter of their little mouths, in the act of chewing the cud, assailing my ear, like the ticking of so many watches! What a romantic and thrilling delicacy was this!—aloof from the haunts of men, and on the top of a dark and extended heath, in the closings of a winter evening, and beneath a pending and a lowering sky! What guilelessness, simplicity, and lonely loveliness was expressed by the presence of these little innocents, grouped together, and at ease, and happy, upon the pure, yet desert wild! Enter the abodes of men, and you will find it quite different. There you meet with guile, enmity, unhappiness, and discord. See the white faces of these little innocents, as they are ruminating, lifted up to heaven, the very embodiments of meekness and simplicity, happy, and at peace with each other, and with themselves! Would not the observance of these little animals tend to reform the heart, and to regulate the disordered passions, when we consider that every little heart is guileless, and that every little heart is equally so? Among such a group of the human race, *one* heart probably might have some redeeming qualities, *one* heart or so might probably be fraught with

good intentions,—but oh ! what a sad drawback,—what a sad contrast ;—I feel that the love of moral beauty deters me from bringing these things before the mental eye :—Everyone knows what a sad contrast !—But these little things, emblematical of superhuman goodness, these little representatives of Divinity, in the absence of anticipations of the future, or regrets of the past, would seem to enjoy a state of tranquillity, at least, of which the world is a stranger ; yet well we know, that under certain circumstances, they are not only the victims of pain, but that also their nature is susceptible of large and deep sorrow.

THE EXCITEMENTS GIVEN
BY THE ABSENCE OF FOUR YOUNG SHEEP

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF A SNOW-STORM.

POOR little straying elves, O ! whither gone ?

My aching heart anticipates your fate ;
Where whirling drifts sweep o'er the desert lone,
How many cruel ills on you await.

Benumb'd or shrinking on th' unshelter'd plain,
When mortal cold in raging tempests fly,
Unseen, unaided, in inflicted pain,
Without a hope, without a groan,—you die.

Methinks I see your lovely faces—meek,
Envelop'd else, beside the lev'ling brow,
And oft you shake your ears and shaggy cheek,
To foil the whelming snows, that threaten, now.

Or parted from each other, mateless, lorn,
And leaving still your happy home behind,
How are your little breasts with *seeking* torn,
And bitter bleedings to the lonely wind.

Spring smil'd propitious on your frisking youth,
As free you ran the stated race together ;
The Summer foster'd kind, your dameless growth,
And Autumn fail'd not, in the loveliest weather,

Yet still you kept your first accustomed range,
Nor wish betray'd to crop forbidden fields ;
The sunny brake, or verdant lawn, for change,
To prove the sweets, untasted herbage yields.

Then why away in Winter's dreary day,
When drenching clouds burst on the streaming hills,
When dark, aggressive floods surround the way,
And ravens croak in yonder oozy rills ?—

Or sudden frosts bind up the gelid stream,
And furious gusts o'er groaning Keilder driven,—
Blend Nature's lights in one ill-boding gleam,
And eddying wild convulse the brows of Heaven ?

But cruel,—causeless can I blame you,—never ;
Your age unconscious, as your temper mild ;
Unwitting roams perchance have made you sever,
Or, moody stragglers from your path beguil'd ;—

Some hunter boor with heavy heart of stone,
Or grizzly cur with lank and fallen jaw,
Have, lounging, sped across your pasture lone,
And scar'd you trembling from their savage paw.

Poor little fugitives ! O, could I know,
The spot that terminates your luckless roam,
How gladly would I breast the bursting snow,
And guide you joyous to our mutual home,

Then friendless outcast fate would bear a part,
In all your aimless journeyings to and fro ;
And eager sympathy await his heart,
Your sad co-partner in the paths of woe.

And then your little hearts would softly beat,
(Sure feeling is not wanting to your kind,)
To join your mates once more with kindred bleat,
Your heath and broomy banks, again to find.

And oft as blushing dawn, and moorfowl's voice,
Arous'd your shepherd to his daily round,
So oft, poor innocents ! he would rejoice,
And mark the distant weary wanderers, found !

THE POETRY OF A TARRAS LANDSCAPE.

O, TARRAS lonely ! with thy purple moors,
Thy mossy rock, and hoary alder tree,
Beneath whose shade, thy murky torrent pours,
Ungrac'd by flow'ry bank or grassy lea ;
Thy rugged dells stretch'd through the ample waste,
Bring scanty pittance to the selfish mind,
Whose golden views admit no empty taste,
And train'd to pleasures of a surer kind !

Tenacious held by low pursuits, the mean,
 Bend not a conscious look on earth or sky,
 From 'wildring scenes no subtle pleasures glean,
 With deeper ardour, when the tempests fly ;
 But to a feeling soul the surly blast,
 Of "rocky Morven" sweeps thy dreary glade,
 And dimly seen, by sickly beams o'er cast,
 Poetic visions in the dusky shade !

Chaste poesy thy russet dells have found,
 And love o'erpow'ring as "old Coila's" lyre,
 Flinging with airy thought a charm around,
 And spreading o'er a light of lambent fire ;
 And on thy banks are gems of loveliest ray,
 And souls of sterling worth and patriot flame,
 Whose "pen or pointed steel," with active sway,
 Could well support the Caledonian name !

AN ADDRESS IN VERSE

TO MY BENEFICENT FRIEND

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

"Pursue the fame of thy fathers ; be thou what they have been, when
 Trenmor lived, the first of men, and Trathal, the father of heroes."

Fingal's injunctions to his Grandson, Oscar.—OSBIAN.

"Other names shall fame be pealing,
 Other names may upward start—
 Not like thine, to last while feeling
 Throbs within a human heart."

Charles Swain on Miss Nightingale.

WHAT time the sun from Pisces rolls benign
His essence-moving power to heaven and earth,
The winter, interposing, oft arrests
The sacred influence, and chillness reigns.

Upon the wan and distant noon-day sun
The cottage girl looks out, her sweet blue eyes
Refining every object to the sense ;
Expressive as a classic statue shines
Her little form ; a model of the skies :
And as his rays light up her radiant hair,
Mellifluous sounds are heard, the prelude thus,—
“ O, come, sweet spring, with all thy beauties, come !”

—Covered with flaky snow, the patient flocks,
Revolve their cud beneath the sunward slopes :
—But night approaches, and the northern blasts.
Rave wildly in the hills ; the dark woods groan ;
Dense as an avalanche, the drifted snows
Arrive by fits. Lightly the streamers dance ;—
The tatter'd mendicant, on yonder pass,
Gaspes out his breath beneath pale Cynthia's horn.

Meanwhile, bright Sol, advancing, strength imparts
To Nature's processes, a subject vast ;—
And time, involv'd, matures the grand result,
A liberty, unstinted, and complete :—
Th' affrighted gloom flees o'er the verge of heaven,
And one unbounded blaze of lavish day
On Scotland's airy heights profusely pours ;
The shepherd's reed is heard upon the steep,
And vestal maiden's trill along the vale ;
The feather'd songsters, too, by wood and dale

Rhapsodical notes recite, endless in form ;
And soft and vivid flow'rs in lawns and meads,
Yield purest odours to the softest gales ;
Round the wide heavens a radiant sweetness beams,
And all is light, and life, and love, and joy.

Come so ! BUCCLEUCH ; with all thy honours, come !
With all thy virtues of ancestral growth,
Scatter thy blessings round our Border land,
And bind our hearts in gratitude to thee,
In gratitude to thee and gracious Heav'n.

Thy name, BUCCLEUCH, we hail ! august and bland,
In unison with worth, shall never die :—
Wherever virtue lives, or genius blooms,
Or Christian pity melts, thou art revered :—
In ev'ry just emotion of the soul,
In ev'ry gen'rous impulse of the heart,
That lift one man above his fellow-peers,
Thy fame shall last, a never-fading wreath !

Come in thy retinue, refining taste,
In letters, sciences, and lib'ral arts :
A higher culture of the moral sense ;
Judicious measures to improve the glebe,
The graphic outline of our Cots and Steads,
Our social condition, and our lives ;
More love to God, our friends, and fatherland,
With all the gross and mean, discarded thence.

Attempting thus to tune the Doric reed,
The simple hind, grey-hair'd from pain, and old,
Who with his sires, on thy paternal plains

First drew the vital air, nor vain his hope,
On the same ground, to heave his latest sigh—
Would ask thy suffrage in his artless strain,
O, gentle Peer,—the man who loves thee well,
Trembling the while, lest he should give offence :
Yet were it possible for him to stand
In royal presence, as before his peers,
He still must speak as sacred truth directs,
Feel as a man, and tell an honest tale.

Departing from thy bow'rs maternal, where
Benevolence and truth, united, shed
Their sacred rays around thy early course,
(And thy ideas in those cool retreats
All properly digested, to beauty all,
Or for the public or the private good,)
To other climes, to cull from other scenes ;
Or Albion's seat of empire, rich, immense,
Where in an intercourse with kings and courts,
And mingling with the erudite and gay,
With legislators, counsellors, divines,
We see thy gen'rous, youthful bosom glow
With social love and friendship, unrestrain'd
By haughtiness, or insulated aim ;
Where sciences are scann'd, or arts displayed,
We see thee enter, or with ready gust
Where Shakespeare's glowing scenes exalt the soul,
Or England's dames sublimely touch the heart :
Withal, good sense and moral fortitude,
Complacency, and self-possession, ward
Thy innate worth and purity of heart :—
(And oh ! the gracious boon on thee bestowed,
Endowments, graces, virtues, above price !)

Forthwith the etiquette of life, enjoyed,
 And wisdom gain'd, the aim of higher minds,
 Salute we once again our peerless chief,
 Uninjured, unsexed, immaculate.

Around their cavalier in cycles wide,
 Perceive we now thy people gather vast ;—
 Here, with imposing mein, the heirs of wealth,
 And there the honest youth, great from the plough,—
 The vot'ries of ambition, or of place,
 Dependent lowliness and humble want ;
 Theology, involving counsels high,
 In nature's book and revelation's page,
 But chiefly that of grace to fallen man :—
 With high bombast and notions out of place,
 A rhyming class, despising common sense ;
 —At distance seen the tatter'd shreds of men,
 The lank remains of penury and pain,—
 Some uttering sounds, and some abash'd and mute.

What has an eloquence like simple truth,
 In a good cause, address'd to noble minds ?
 —Surpassing all duplicity and art ;
 Surpassing Pitt's resounding strains, a storm,
 Or Burke, unmatch'd in opulence of thought !

Ten thousand craving hearts by thee is felt !

—Ambition's honest wish is gratified,
 And merit finds a way wherein to walk ;
 Dependence feels a liberty of heart,
 And wretchedness a balm, a home, a rest ;
 Religion sheds a cheering ray serene,
 And virtue triumphs in renewed light.

Ye tow'ring hopes, ye lofty ideas, sprung
From fancy warm, attend, the substance bring,
And all that ever flash'd through poet's brain,
Or epicure of bliss, to realize
Domestic peace serene, conjugal love,
With pure esteem, extatic and sublime,
Soul with soul according, sweetly attuned,
Enamour'd each of intellectual charms,

From inspiration seen, the future brings,
The young descendents of an ancient Line,
The sexes each, and beautiful and strong ;
The one with softer graces, mingling lights
Ineffable, inspiring gentle youth
With all the finer passions of the heart,
In moral loftiness akin to Heaven ;
—The other firm with enterprising minds,
A cast of ancient chivalry inheres,
Ameliorated by philosophy :—
—The lofty inspiration—whither gone ?
—The cavalier, who from a noble wish,
To help the weak, and foil the villain's arts,
Seized his glittering lance, bestrode his steed,
And sallied forth in quest of bold adventure ;
No medium cold chill'd his unshaken zeal,
Nor coward fears unnerved his willing arm ;
Compassion's cause espousing, resolute,
And liberty's unalienable right,
No danger threat'ning, mock'd his eager course,
Nor scowling envy, marr'd his just reward ;
And in the luxury of giving bliss,
A living fame, and an approving mind,
He sought no selfish superadded boon.

Far in a sylvan shade two youths retire,
And like a murm'ring brook this tale is heard.

“ST. CLARE, a knight, in love with fair renown,
Though more intent on gen'rous active deeds,
Rebinds his falchion bright, remounts his steed,
And gay in youth, rejoins the rising day ;
Lightly he bends by hill and flashing stream,
By glassy tarn and castellated fort ;
Anon, some airy hall of noble mien
Arrests his eye, or glittering fairy wold,
The leafy woods lisp to the passing gales,
And broad-waved rivers murmur in the breeze,
Clear sounds of lambkin's bleat or milkmaid's song
Fall on his ear, or herdsman's grave response :—

“The sun descending hastens to his goal,
Nearer the night shades rush, and aged woods
Majestic rise around the thinking youth :—
When lo ! emerging from the deep recess,
An ancient ruin, with its turrets vast,
Rose in the twilight sky,—dark casements frown'd :—

“This moment horsemen from a neighbouring copse :—
One wheel'd a sabre, parried, when the knight
Rising on yielding stirrups, pond'rous came
His flying falchion on a hapless crest :
The other's stroke was ready, and returned
By one, rapid as light ; together fell
Sabre and hand upon the trodden glebe :

[A passage here indistinctly heard—again,]

“ Ent’ring a gallery of sleeping shades,
The presage of some damp Cimmerian realm,
—And coming to descending steps, he pass’d :—
Thither, in a cold dungeon, low, remote,
A taper stood, emitting sickly rays,
And there a lady, beauteous as a queen,
In mute despair, fast by her raven locks ;
On her white shoulder bent her head, in woe ;
Hung down her snowy arms in cruel bonds ;
Sweet as the heavens in spring, her youthful eye
Fell in blank desolation to the earth,
And as a Phidian statue, pale she stood,
(A statue, representing life, though dead :—)
Yet sentient feeling burn’d in all her form,
And an immortal principle, whose range
Disdains a limit in the starry skies ;—
Nay, all the passions of the soul she knew,—
And all that virtue can communicate,
Or taste and learning can confer, she loved.—

“ When good ST. CLARE approach’d with courtesy,
And courage lighted in his forehead fair,
A ray of joy beam’d on her sinking soul,
And animation rush’d through all her frame ;
She kiss’d his hand, uprais’d to her deliv’rance,
And freed, in gratitude, clung round his knees :—
He led her forth, and on his gen’rous steed,
They bore away before the fleeting wind.”

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

(WRITTEN IN 1842.)

—“WHO can study the transcript of an Englishwoman in the person and character of Miss Sophia Westren, in the History of a Foundling, and not feel something of the spirit of gallantry or knight-errantry about him, in their modern forms? That lofty spirit of ancient chivalry, in which the ladies of birth and of beauty partook in the olden time, that obeisant compliment paid to them in the antique civilization of Europe, is now considerably fallen off in its mode. Strange, that modern refinement should have so far diminished its potency, or modern sentiment so far unwound its disguise, when a tendency to gallantry is yet owned in the human heart, and when female charms are as overpowering as ever! Strange that those high sentiments, long decried, are not again brought into repute, or allowed to establish themselves, by a natural and renovating process, when a young and beautiful Queen fills the throne of England!—when dignity and graciousness are happily blended, in swaying the sceptre over thousands of generous hearts!—when a Sovereign Lady, inheriting nobility of soul, possessing native magnanimity, generosity, and accomplishment of mind, yet with all the tenderness of her sex, is sustaining with alacrity the crown of a mighty empire!—We exult in the hope, that her throne shall long be established in peace and in equity, and that it shall go down by herself to succeeding ages.—Who can forego the wish for a moment?—who will not raise his arm for her utmost defence?—who will not shed his blood for the protection of her Government?—who will not sacrifice all but virtue and honour for her happiness and aggrandizement?”

"It is now," says the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, writing on the French Revolution, "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy! Oh, what a revolution!—and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, that when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.—Never, never more—shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.—The unbought grace of life, the chief defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

ON HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN :

IN COMMEMORATION OF HER FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE embarkation relating to Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland, took place at Woolwich, 29th August, 1842.—“We reached Flamborough Head,” says the Queen in her Journal; “on the Yorkshire coast, by half-past five, P.M. Tuesday, August 30th,”—“August 31st, we passed Coquet Island and Bamborough Castle, on the Northumberland coast,” * * “Saw Ferne Island, with Grace Darling's light-house, on it; also Rocky Islands, and Holy Island.” * * “We then came in sight of the Scotch coast, which is very beautiful,” * * “so dark, rocky, bold, and wild, totally unlike our (the English) coast. We passed St. Abb's Head at half-past six.” * * “It was a beautiful evening—calm, with a fine sun-set, and the air so pure.”—

“September 1st.—At a quarter to one o'clock, we heard the anchor let down,—a welcome sound.” * * “At Dalkeith House, Friday, September 2nd.” “Saturday, September 3rd,” * * “At ten o'clock, we set off,—we two in the barouche, (Her Majesty and the Prince), all the others following,—for Edinburgh.” * * “The view of Edinburgh from the road, before you enter Leith is quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, ‘fairy like,’ and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture.”—

“There was the beautiful large town, all of stone, no mingled colours of brick, to mar it, with the bold castle on one side, and the Calton Hill on the other, with those high, sharp

hills of Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags towering above all, and making the finest, boldest back-ground imaginable. Albert said, he felt sure, the Acropolis could not be finer ; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh the Modern Athens."

SHE comes like an angel from clouds of the south,
In the glory of beauty, the splendour of youth ;
As Venus displayed in the orient blue,
Or England's unsullied rose, bathed in the dew.

From the braid of her hair, to her robe's flowing seam,
A radiance evolves, like the summer-sun beam ;
She comes to our skies, and she comes in her love,
And forms a broad mission, its claims to approve.

She comes, a soft vision, in vestal array,
As sweet as Aurora unfolding the day :
BELOVED OF THE NATIONS ! in thee we have light,
And all our horizon, delivered from night !

O Neptune, thou god ! what a charge in request !
Speed ! raise thy tall trident, and speak thy behest,
And stay wild commotion ; nor homage refrain,
A sweeter divinity tracks thy domain.

She comes o'er awed billows, in whom we descry
The wisdom of Pallas, of old from the sky :—
OUR CROWNED PRECEPTRESS,—resound it, ye free !
The Queen of our bosoms, Victoria, comes she !

O, come to our hill-homes, our beauteous Queen !
O, come where the halls of thy fathers are seen !
O, come, let us bear thee from Albin's proud wave,
To state, and to banquet,—to all that we have !

"Around thy bright throne, on the isles of the sea,
Our dread brand shall wave, in the hands of the free";
Exclaim the proud Gael,—“for our country and thee,
Our dread brand shall wave in the hands of the free.”

The trust in thy spirit, the faith of our souls,
Shall sway the strong arm, which thy mandate controls;
Whilst records enduring, and pæons sublime,
Shall bear thy proud era abroad over time!

Ye heroes in story, ye patriots who bled,
Ye august, ye noble, ye shades of the dead!
O, see in the DAY of your sons,—favoured men,—
The gift and the blessing of Heaven, their Queen!

O, cherish your gracious Sovereign, ye men!
Can goodness and genius move you in vain?
And when from the conquest of love she departs,
“O, set her for ever a seal on your hearts!” (a)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,

ENCLOSING COPIES OF THE PRECEDING VERSES,
DATED SEPT. 1853.

—“THE tender, delicate, and loyal attachment which I have felt towards Her Majesty at all times, is indeed unbounded. Since her name was first mentioned in the prayers of the Church; from her accession to the throne, to the present moment, my

(a) “Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm.”—

heart has followed her with increasing admiration. Possessing deep sensibilities, how was it possible I should not ? Awakened in early life to the perceptions of taste, by the study of natural objects, the representations of the masters in poetry, and a passion for the fine arts ;—and comparing the perfection and sublimity of moral truth, with the distortions of folly and of vice, it is no wonder that a Star, arisen in our political and moral hemisphere, of uncommon sweetness and beauty, carrying its sanative and vivacious rays to the far-distant, over the sombre dynasties of the world, with admonitions of love,—it is no wonder, please your Royal Highness, that a Star of surpassing sweetness and beauty should have had such a decided and lasting impression upon my heart,—upon the hearts of all good men !

“ The infinite ease and elegance of Her Majesty’s deportment on all occasions, her courtesy to all ranks, her self-possession and firmness in every emergency, astonished me most :—but this is not the whole :—in all her movements in public life, and in her recesses from it, we find her still unostentatiously great and good ; exalted in station, yet more exalted by her genius ; in the possession of consummate prudence, and in the exercise of exemplary virtue, she sways an aggregate of moral power, beyond that of the potentates of the earth : she has won a name for herself, and augmented the happiness of her people ; she has furnished data for the administration of a wise regal government, and shed a lustre over the era of her reign, which will shine with distinguished brightness, whilst England, as a mighty empire, with its language and its literature, shall have a being or a place in the annals of time” !

[Whilst I transcribe these things, the Queen of England is looking on the Righi, and Mont Pilatus, and the Lake and snowy St. Gothard range of the Alps, from the Villa (Pension) Wallis, in the vicinity of Lucerne, Switzerland.—August, 1868.]

MY COTTAGE HOME NO MORE.

A POEM.

[A romantic little farm-stead, now swept away, standing on the southern skirts of a dark and rugged landscape, eastward and contiguous to the monument to the memory of Sir John Malcolm, late Governor-General of India.]

UPON a spot of garden ground,
Beside the lonely way,
In breathless silence all around,
A cottage ruin lay.

Its owner long from heath and brow
Had drawn his scanty store ;
But he is gone, and it is now
His cottage home no more.

Its soft green banks his hand had smooth'd,
And form'd its garden gay ;
The roses red, his spirit sooth'd,
Are now all torn away.

Two streamlets girdled it alone,
And pilgrims sought the door,
Where Sympathy had fix'd her throne ;
But all is now no more.

No clean and thatched roof was there,
To shelter age and worth ;
Where once arose the voice of pray'r,
Fresh daisies deck'd the hearth :

Its bonny banks are now unblest'd,
Its loves and smiles are o'er ;
Its living intercourse hath ceas'd,
Returning never more.

Its torn and mutilated wall,
Stands open to the day ;
Its casements dash'd in pieces small,
Its doors thrown in the clay :

Ye shades around my cottage lone,
Will ye my case deplore,
Nor execrate those hearts of stone,
That made my home no more.

Among old Scotland's many hills,
I've wander'd far away :
And seen of one,—the worst of ills,
That right should wrong obey ;

I've rode where tempests heave the deep,
And winds and waters roar,
Though more appall'd, yet now I weep,
My cottage home no more.

O, who would combat deep distress,
Nought-fearing folly's cant,
Would tread the vale of lowliness,
And break a spear with want.

To catch of things a higher tone,
And all the *fair* explore,
Till youth, and hope, and health are gone,
To find them never more !—

Thy streamlet ceases not to flow,
 And round the hawthorn *weaves*,
 In iterations, soft and low,
 "The days of other years."

Flow on, sweet stream, dear babbling brook,
 Thy freshness will restore
 Thy daisied strand, and willowed nook,
 When I am now no more.

And near thy wave, to wond'ring eyes,
 A file of lovely trees,
 Whose moving tops in summer skies
 Gave cadence to the breeze :

And round thy slopes, like sentinels,
 In winter's gusty roar ;---
 Now, we are parted, story tells,
 To meet again no more.

"This soft green bank is classic ground,"
 My friend had said to me ;
 So let no *want-of-worth* be found,
 With aught of claim on thee.

Where England's highest poesy,
 Stood high, with all her lore :—
 An exile now, I go from thee,
 To find a home no more.

THE Pathetic,—Being an Extract from the winding-up of a poetical narration, written at the above place, and dated 1860.

"It is now five-and-twenty years, since I began, and carried forward this story, to the end of Colonel Mac Ivor's speech, when I was compelled to lay it aside, and from time to time, it was not taken up again ; and though

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the retrospect is to me only as that of yesterday, yet it comprehends a broad basis of deep and varied emotions.—There I sat, at my beloved home, I sat, along with my dear mother, now in the dust, after our piece of ground, our little sterile farm, of heath, and bank, and meadow, and intersecting stream, had been taken from us, in all the calmness of philosophic melancholy.—Our little domicile was placed on a high and steep green bank, rising between two mountain streams, and surrounded with trees, and an intervening hedge,—a detached and quiet scene ; and there we exercised the blessings of thought, and looked abroad and around us, in an atmosphere of our own, and in some measure, secluded from the world :—how brief the retrospect, I have said, between this moment, and the time I began to write this little narrative ; notwithstanding it is like a view from hence across a vexed and turbulent sea, to some calm oasis of rest on the farther side of its estuary.—How little did I know that five-and-twenty years would be added to a life of sorrow, then to re-write my story, and give it a winding-up,—when far my juniors were falling on every side of me ; when those I loved, and through whom life was made valuable, were making their final exit ;—when youth, and strength, and beauty, were summoned to the cold recesses of the tomb.—

“On a few tranquil and lovely days, in the end of ‘yellow autumn,’ when the sun through a clear, yet saddened atmosphere, threw a mellow light from the regions of the south, the preceding humorous attempt was made, and in the evening, when I continued to write, my dear and aged parent, would raise her slender and attenuated hand, to trim the evening light,—that hand which has now long ceased to act, according to the affectionate wish, but which is now fallen to pieces in the grave. O, would that I were able, sufficiently to perpetuate the remembrance of all her piety, and all her worth” !

1

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL SKETCHES.

SUMMER EVENING SKIES.

—SCENES we have beheld in Nature softened and exalted into the distance of ethereal being by the pervasion of a glossy subtle elastic vapour or a magnificent refraction of light investing heaven and earth with a thousand subtilities a thousand dispositions of light and shade and a thousand roseate and celestial hues giving a power and a thrill to the perspective inexpressible like the effects of assimilating time on the immortal pencillings of Raphael combining the past present and future in one overpowering vision stretching and diverging again like the perceptions developed in the expansions of an evening sky whose august and glorious imagings would graciously invite these perceptions to embrace the whole round of eternity—in which effort they must for ever and painfully flag from the want of any competent provision attemperament or disposition in the human mind for a successful approximation.

AGANDECA.

OH, Agandeca, what a spell is preferred to your trust!—What a power you inherit in your virtues!—What an array you have conjured up to my swimming visions!—Yes, an array of beauty, intelligence, refinement, and felicity;—a glorious summer scene, impregnated with the beams of an everlasting sun; a graphic display of the most touching combinations; an intellectual and moral galaxy, where all is warm, and thrilling, and sacred,

and inspired ; an improvement upon Arcadian simplicity, where grace and virtue meet together in amity,—where taste and ingenuity go hand in hand,—where devotion and sensibility unite their beams.

SUBLIMITY.

THE thoughts and commotions of the mind and heart may be considered to be in that state called the *sublime*, when they are found to be in an *indefinite* state. Mark the state of the mind when you are viewing the glories of a summer sun-set, in the month of July.

Recur to the state of the soul, under the power of music, composed by a Handel, a Mozart, a Beethoven.

Define the frame of the whole man, when affected by the incessant murmur of the surrounding ocean, each wave having its own murmur.

Observe the state of your affections, (but you cannot,) in the presence of some endeared object, with a host of associations ;—a Laura, a Julia, a Flora Mac Ivor.

Climb the Matter Horn, look on St. Gothard, take your stand on Mont Blanc, Hellvellyn, Ben Ledi, and give a description of what you see and feel ; hunt for clear definitions in your own mind ; and you will confess that you are plunged into an abyss of thought and emotion, without bound or bottom.

Enter the world of imagination, and the regions of poetry ;—look into Milton, Shakespeare, Young, Thomson, and most of all, to the approval of your own heart, into the Book of Isaiah ; what earnestness you will find there, what sensibility of the soul, what strength and vividness of colouring and expression ; how conclusive the positions !

In some states of fine susceptibility, when the sacredness of Nature surrounds you, when every sight, and every sound, and every sentiment, concur to hallow the soul, and usher the presence of the Deity to the mind and heart ;—still you will find yourself in a state of being, which you will feel unable to describe.


Common objects, and those which do not affect the mind greatly, are easily described, likewise those slight stirrings of passion, when viewing or thinking of an object of a second or third order of excellence.

Did the mind ever burn, when excited only by low objects,—to the kindling of fancy, or fire, or elevated thought ?

OSSLIAN AND THOMSON.

WHEN we open the translations of Ossian by the celebrated James Macpherson, what a world of sublimity is spread before us,—pure,—noble,—apart,—and independent ! What beauty in the midst of sterility,—what delicacy in connection with rugged grandeur ! We feel all this. Our whole soul is incorporated and sublimated with the vast idea,—the overwhelming gusto of romance. Whilst the inspiration is upon us, we see that world only ; we are in the midst of it. There is a diffusion of our spirit throughout its wild and graphic regions. Its female beauties overpower our soul. They appear to us, and to their lover, as his very existence. He would love them only to reign with them. His love is of so high a character, that it is necessary for him to evince it only in connection with his virtuous and heroic deeds.—And then its warriors,—“O Fingal, king of men” ! How we would love to distinguish ourselves under such a leader. What an infelicity to hear the denunciation : “Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more shalt thou feast in my halls—Thou shalt not pursue my chace ; my foes shall not fall by thy sword.”—

Along with Ossian, every person of taste must be possessed of a copy of the Seasons of Thomson.—The whole of these illustrious productions of the classic muse, appear to us to be framed under the most rigid discipline. Let us look at his Summer only, and we will perceive at once, how dexterously he adjusts his poem to the regularity of Nature,—or, in other words, how ably he supports his power to mark, with a regular and unerring hand, her general, or more delicate phenomena. His system suggests to us the idea of a fine piece of architecture, where everything is referred to its proper place. The foundation is laid by those materials necessary for the foundation. The superstructure shows the most scrupulous exactness of design. Every stay, and every ornament have their relative character. The outlines are not only under a due architectural plan, but there is such a nice mathematical economy observed throughout, that one stone in the body of the work is not higher or lower, nor farther to the right hand or to the left of a horizontal plane, than what that economy and relation of parts require.—You perceive that his pictures are not only regular pictures, but that they are also full of grace, and chasteness, and delicacy. They are, at the same time, exuberant. There is a certain richness, or gust, in his attributes of grace, like all men of genius, peculiar to himself. That gust is decided in its warmth and expression. It combines pastoral association and rural drapery, with refined and classical elegance. This their combination forms a singular and beautiful effect. Everything is high-toned, without being over-stretched,—in the full glow of life and health, without being feverish or plethoric,—full-blown, without decadency,—completely developed, without feebleness or excrescence,—rich in lustre and value as refined gold, without the dross of superabundant uselessness. —



DIFFERENT APPEARANCES OF NATURE

IN A RIDE OF FIFTEEN MILES.

A CONSIDERABLE period had elapsed since I had cherished the thoughts of paying a visit to a dear and an affectionate friend. Accordingly I took my pretty dun pony, one beautiful day in autumn, to carry out my object, and for the express purpose of calling forth our ancient endearments, and for experiencing the exhilarations consequent to the spirits, from a lengthened and beautiful ride. Unlike many of the friendships of the world, ours had never been laid aside. It had arisen from the reciprocation of kindred sympathies and congenial emotions, grounded on a host of tender and varied associations, and tested by the trials and enjoyments of life. Between our respective abodes, there existed a space of fifteen miles.—The scenery and draperies of the first portion of my ride, were altogether lovely, and to which the latter part formed a complete contrast. Considerable portions of slightly condensed clouds were seen, dun in the middle, and edged with a blending radiance as they approached the solar orb, floating high in the atmosphere, and almost at regular distances, and throwing a deep and comfortable shadow by times on the glistening stream, living-green holm, darker-coloured hedgerows, the embrowned hazel bush, the sombre and silvery fir, the various tinges of the ash, from green to bright yellow, the seared or empurpled beechen tree, and the stately oak receding to olive ; some heightening the graphic outline on the elevated bank, and some

“ With their green faces fixed upon the flood :”

also were seen the whitewashed cottage, the farmer's domicile, the genteel structure of more polished life, and the nobleman's


light, extended, airy hall: abroad the reapers and the golden harvest, and in a secluded nook the venerable church, and the still churchyard. Such a scene, where the clime is temperate, and the soil moderate, where competent wealth assists Nature in her own way, where an overcharged taste scatters no meretricious or fantastic ornament, where the expression is chaste without being florid, and the drapery elegant without being gaudy;—accords with every delicate and well-constituted mind, in opposition to rankness, exuberance, confusion, and incongruity.

As I was borne along on my pretty dun pony, through this soft and sylvan scene, well calculated to assuage the ranklings of a wounded heart, on an extension of road smooth and commodious as the streets of London or Paris, I found myself in a short time, by a gradual acclivity, at an intermediate point in the landscape; where the tops of the distant bills became visible, the local objects also became cool and indefinite, blending the rural and pastoral departments, and remained unadorned and unattractive. Here I deviated from the public way by a rugged and uncertain track. In the space of two hours from the commencement of my ride, the whole aspect of the scene around me was changed. For a week preceding, the weather had been distinguished by uncommon heat. The sky was now become ardent to excess, with a larger or smaller body of pillared cloud, rising at almost equal distances in the horizon, red and fiery as the bolts of Vulcan. At a still greater distance, and just as far as the eye could reach, were perceived the bodies of other clouds of the same character, just appearing in the distant verge, if possible of a more threatening and portentous aspect, on account of the still greater quantity of surcharged matter, through which they were seen. It was altogether a scene of the utmost sublimity. The bottom of the picture was nothing else than a succession of rugged hills, exhibiting rock and heath on their summits, and along their bases, a dark and

twisted stream, unadorned by bush or brake, and singly enlivened by a human abode ; at intervals, perhaps, a few clumps of stunted oaks, a century past their prime, or a few traces of sapless and withered alder.—Arose casual gusts of wind, with an accent strong and full of meaning, as the love-sigh of a young and healthy peasant girl, blooming sometimes even in these wild regions ; brushing in a moving curve, a patch of tender sward at my feet, and passing :—at another interval, shaking the fallow leaves of the ancient oak,—with a rush—like the sound of the pebbled stream—borne on the distant shepherd's ear by the soft breeze of the night. At a short distance, the congregating vapours were seen condensing to “the blackness of darkness” on the one hand, and in an opposite direction, chequered and broken bodies of massy cloud appeared, portions as white as snow, and others of an ardent character, almost forming themselves into life, where, without much stretch of fancy, you could conceive the pure and sculptured form of some angelic being, or the representation of some masculine divinity in the list of the ancient mythology, elevated in the remains of some Grecian or Roman temple ; or you could fancy the cold and dignified heroes of Ossian, reclining in their “airy halls,” almost in a negative state of being, without much to enjoy, and having nothing to suffer. You could imagine them completely freed from the restlessness and turbulence of human passions, on the supposition, that through the medium of death and those pure regions, these passions were neutralised to an absence of sensibility, or you could conceive their negative happiness to consist in their being removed from a world of strife, and their direct happiness in the better parts of elevation and tranquillity : or should the suggestion of Ossian present itself, that their regarding the fates of their posterity, subjected them to the anxieties of paternal solicitude, this solicitude, if granted, controverts the notion of an undisturbed repose : in fact, we could resolve it no farther

than that of intellect or being roosting in the sky, where, if the affections were at all divided in their sympathies between heaven and earth, we would be ready to conclude that the celestial regions had by far the greater share.—A sudden and keen flash of lightning now darted from the lowering clouds, on the top of the hill before me, with an acuteness seemingly qualified to penetrate to its centre, followed by a hollow dun, which called forth a corresponding reverberation from the interior of the caverned precipices. This was a presage of what was to follow. In the course of a quarter of an hour, the blue lightnings were flitting on the tops of the surrounding mountains, quicker than the delicate fingers of a beautiful lady on her pianoforte; and the commixed, alternate, and “repercussive roar” from the glens of Northumbria, the mountains of the Cheviot, the heights of the classic Yarrow, and the banks of the Tweed, gave note of awe, and summoned, or seemed to summon, their shades of chivalry and romance, and to commingle the associations of their love tragedies, wild forays, and battles of Otterburn.

The sound of approaching rain was heard, like the low, supprest, yet coming rush of a thousand waves; and at this moment, when, incessant and glaring, the lightning was completely diffused through the lurid air, the isolated dwelling of my dear friend met my gladdened view, peacefully seated at the bottom of the southern exposure of a high hill, rugged at the top, but softening to fine pasturage towards its base, with a flanking of crofty land, interspersed with fine old wood, and apportioned by hedge-rows, and yielding fine oats and barley, partly reaped and built into *stooks*; living-green meadow, studded with piles of hay; “*bettle haugh*” and “*greensward hove*;” bounded by a limpid stream on each side of the mansion-house, and forming a junction in an obtuse angle in front, and at the bottom of the southern extremity. My friend advanced to meet me, and just as I drew my right foot from the stirrup to



alight on the soft sward at the door, a smart volley of drops from the advanced outposts of the impending storm came over me and my cream-coloured pony, and fell thinly around with a sensible stroke on the grass.—

SINCERITY : OR THE VALUE OF TRUTH TO EXALTED MINDS.

NOTHING can express my sense of the beauty and sublimity of that passage in the “Adventures of Telemachus,” where the son of Ulysses is reduced to the apparent necessity of saying something which may be necessary to the saving of his life,—the life of the innocent ; when, as far as human sagacity can discover, nothing else can do it, but a slight equivocation, where no injury is meant or sustained, beyond the bare circumstances of the case.—All of us should see it ; it should be exhibited in intelligible characters, in every living language.—We shall just premise, that Narbal, the commander of the Tyrian fleet, having conceived a friendship for Telemachus, thought proper to carry him to the shipping, to make him sensible of their naval force, and to witness the regulations of the Tyrian commerce, when it was intimated by the spies of Pygmalion, to Narbal, his friend and protector, that the king had learned from a captain of one of the vessels which had returned with him from Egypt, that Telemachus was not a native of the Island of Cyprus, as the king had supposed him to be, but a stranger of some other country, and that, therefore, he was to secure his appearance before Pygmalion the king, at the peril of his head.—“What shall we do ?” said Narbal to Telemachus, coming up to him. “May the gods deliver us by more than human wisdom, or we perish. I must produce you to the king : but do you confidently affirm

that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and son of a statuary of Venus : I will confirm your account, by declaring that I was formerly acquainted with your father ; and perhaps the king, without entering into a more severe scrutiny, will suffer you to depart : this, however, is the only expedient, by which a chance of life can be procured for us both."

" 'To this counsel of Narbal, I answered,' says Telemachus, in his relation to Calypso, 'Let an unhappy wretch perish, whose destruction is the decree of fate. I can die without terror ; and would not involve you in my calamity, because I would live without ingratitude ; but I cannot consent to lie. *I am a Greek ; to say that I am a Cyprian, is to cease to be a man* : the gods, who know my sincerity, may, if it is consistent with their wisdom, preserve me by their power : but fear shall never seduce me to attempt my own preservation by falsehood.'

" 'This falsehood,' answered Narbal, 'is wholly without guilt ; nor can it be condemned even by the gods : it will produce ill to none : it will preserve the innocent ; and it will no otherwise deceive the king, than as it will prevent his incurring the guilt of cruelty and injustice. Your love of virtue is romantic, and your zeal for religion superstitious.'

" 'That it is a falsehood,' said Telemachus, 'is to me a sufficient proof, that it can never become a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and is under perpetual and unlimited obligations to truth. He who offers violence to truth, as he counteracts the dictates of conscience, must offend the gods and injure himself : do not, therefore, urge me to a conduct that is unworthy of both you and me. If the gods regard us with pity, they can easily effect our deliverance ; and if they suffer us to perish, we shall die martyrs of truth, and leave one example to mankind, that virtue has been preferred to life.'"—See Dr. Hacksworth's Translation of the Adventures of *Telemaché*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CANDOUR.

IN every circumstance of life, we should endeavour to lay hold on the benefits of candour. It is impossible for us to arrive at a true criterion in the estimate of things, without the attempering influence of this most interesting virtue. What a huddle of false conception, reckless prejudice, and perverted aim, have still continued to operate upon the minds of men, in the various orders of society, and in the numerous modes of education ; to dictate to their wills and affections, and to tyrannize over their opinions and sentiments, when the fulness of this most salutary enlightenment was not duly received, or the wisdom of its beneficial rules not properly regarded. A lover of truth is a lover of candour. In whatever investigation it may be necessary for us to embark, we should endeavour to have candour at our right hand. When bad temper, prepossession, self-love, injured pride, excessive sensibility, and the like, are in the way, our inquiries will be very imperfect, without the cordial and ameliorating assistance of candour. In consideration of my own judgment and its attendant emotions, I would propitiate the advantages of candour.—

THE DESCENDING SUN.

I SAT on the pure heath for a little, on the romantic Tarraes, and saw, beyond the Langholm hills, eminent for their pastoral beauty, the descending sun approach the distant horizon. His broadened and warm disk gave a glowing intensity to the scene. —What a splendid moral lesson ! His descent was gradual and steady,—as that unerring Hand, which has wheeled the courses


of the orbs, from their first movement onward, with a determined and unfaltering progress.—He then first touched the edge of the horizon,—then sunk half his diameter,—then diminished to a brilliant spark ;—gone ! A mountain bee passed me with its touching sound, on its way to its lonely cell.—The fibres of my heart shook.—I arose with the impression of his rising on the morrow, whether I would witness it or not ; and with a resolution to employ the portion of time which in the providence of God might be allotted to me, to the best of purposes.

A NOVEMBER MORNING IN ARGYLESHIRE.

THE morning dawned through a thick mist, which, however, in the course of an hour, was rolled together in large detached bodies, heaving from the vales, and brows of the mountains, with a steady and perceptible movement, towards their summit. The prospect was ultimately glorious. Soft fleecy clouds hung round the edges of the horizon, absorbing the meek and silvery rays of the morning sun. The alternations of light and shade on the freshened earth, from the large bodies of curling and buoyant mist, the glittering rocks, the chequered and fading verdure of the scattered and stunted woods, and the subdued murmur of the distant stream, gave to the whole, an expression of grandeur and repose.

PARTING FRIENDS.

THE material world is one world, and the moral world is another. We feel it every day.—One proof of our moral being, is, when dear friends, and ancient ones, must part. We are often seen to weep in sunshine, and a brave man will smile amid



the horrors of the surrounding storm.—Riches cannot render us invulnerable to disappointment and pain, nor penury debar us of the future inheritance of the good.—In the separation of friends, what fine moral emotions. The tear is shed, the warm hand is pressed, and the heart beats under all the sacred influences of love and affection; and they are moved to excitement under all the kind offices which they have done to each other; and they hope, and oh, how earnestly they hope, that the day will come when they may meet again, and carry out all their charitable aspirations, with double the energy and the earnestness, with which they had borne them out in days long gone by. And how often is the heart strengthened in such cases, and the pangs of sorrow assuaged, and the ills of life lessened of their severity; and even in the very hour of death, these powerful attachments will not allow of a final separation, of all that compassionate hearts and sympathetic natures can think of, or bestow upon each other.—

THE SACRED WRITINGS.

THE sacred writings are a treasure of which the humblest cottager in Scotland can boast. These writings, however, may receive a darkness of colouring in the explication of the text, or what is more undesirable, a meagreness of representation, apart from their characteristic excellences, their *raciness* and originality of thought, their largeness and beauty of conception, their refined and genuine emotions, their exquisite imagery,—poetry of the highest range, deeply-shaded, sensitive or sparkling,—grand, lofty, or magnificent,—their power to penetrate the heart, and elevate the affections of man,—the clear and nervous force of the narration in the historical parts, and the earnest and affectionate logical precision in the doctrinal parts. Besides, the pure

ills. A look into the sciences, astronomy for instance, metaphysics, geology, as well as polite literature and the fine arts, are of the highest use to those who are able to cope with them, as well as the propriety of cultivating an acquaintance with high and generous spirits, or a happy intercourse with liberal and refined minds. Such a communion gives a zest to every subject and to all our moral being. Let us not however, for a moment, depreciate Christian humility. It is one of the greatest virtues round which human frailty can linger, and one of the worthiest sentiments to which human reason can accommodate itself. The humble reliance and hope, on the part of man to his MAKER, the Christian would not exchange for worlds, if the exchange could be made, and in vain. But may we not suspect, that the doctrine of human delinquency, arrogantly and severely urged upon the human heart, may have unsalutary tendencies. In all moral cases, however, we must acknowledge our unwillingness to be taught. Obstinacy and slowness, to acquiesce in the duties prescribed to us, is our characteristic. How seldom can it be said of us,—“A word to the wise is enough”; and when one and a gentle method will not do, it is surely necessary and advisable, in our wise admonitors, the philosopher; the pious, the able, and conscientious divine, to try another;—must we say, a severe one?—

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

THE taste and the genius of our great lyric poet were certainly well suited to the scenes and the objects connected with rural life. The taste and genius of the Ettrick Shepherd had a similar advantage. A certain person has said, that in these things he thought he experienced a great drawback. He thought

his taste was in a *remove* from these, to the abstraction of sentiment: It lived, he said, in that subtleness experienced in the view of a distant landscape:—in that play and that energy of the heart, resulting from a detailed, eager, and redundant sensibility:—that love of Nature altogether, without the intervention of the habits of life:—that passion for the pure, the beautiful and the symmetrical, to be felt in the contemplation of such an object as Thomson's "Lavinia":—not only *good sense*, but *exalted sense*, he said, were his reigning prepossessions,—the lofty and the romantic, well charged with enthusiasm, he delighted in:—a pure and simple elegance of taste, (not complex,) and yet he was only in the range of all the vulgar habits of life.—Now and then, however, he felt compelled to break off, to hold a *short communion with Nature*.—

CLEMENTINA.

MY native stream that flows,
Amid embow'ring woods,
Little thy piping knows,
Of maiden near thy floods,
Rear'd on the grassy wild,
Where Chevy breathes perfume,
A sweet and lovely child,
Of more than common bloom.

O, wake thy frolic pranks,
Thy cadence pour along,
For she upon thy banks,
The subject of my song,

Is lady fair and young,
Of tender heart and free ;
Then wake thy woods among,
A stirring minstrelsy.

Ye spirits high, a few,
Ye hearts akin to mine,
I go with rev'rence due,
As to a holy shrine ;
The rose and myrtle twine,
And bind them round her brow,
And in the act, divine,
Her sovereignty avow.

Ye woods that murmur wild,
An anthem raise, anon,
Ye rocks, in masses pil'd,
Sustain the magic tone ;
For she is all your own,
Your Patroness is she ;
Then send from wood and stone,
A deeper minstrelsy.

DOMESTIC RETIREMENT.

“IT is by renouncing all the prepossessions which the corruptions of society have implanted in the mind,” says a fine German writer, “that we make the first advances towards the restoration of reason, and the attainment of felicity.”


The slaves of prejudice can never discriminate with candour and impartiality, on any question within the sphere of their own prepossessions :—

Oh! I could live uninterruptedly, and at ease, amongst the green hills of my native country, in a cheerful competency, with her of a pure and noble mind, my Agandeca, far from the vulgar and ungenerous prepossessions of men. There the sun would smile, genially smile on the front of my elegant little cottage, by day, and his gladdening beams would renovate the impulses of my weary heart. The vivifying breezes would come free from the mountains, the gurgling waters would play at will down their pebbly channels, and the smoke of my cottage would mount unenvied in the elastic breath of heaven, in the bosom of some soft and romantic landscape. My flocks would roam at large on the shaded verdure of their native steeps, and would pace the brink of the precipice or deep ravine without danger, for the absence of an occasion for foreign alarm, would secure a native firmness to their steps. My oxen would ruminate on the enamelled meadow below. I would reserve for my cows and my generous steeds my finest plots of grass. My little children would prattle everything that was lovely, on the daisied lawn beside the peaceful stream. I would comport myself toward them with playfulness; I would talk to them with simplicity and for a laudable purpose; I would tell them to limit their gambols to places free from danger, and they would obey me; for liberty is always ready to hearken to the voice of truth, and is only another name for good sense, virtue, and propriety.—

From this sublunary scene, and the glories of the extended heavens, from the summer's luxuriance, and the winter's snows, from the distant sea, the surging lake, the resounding storm, I would deduce:—from the elastic breeze, the blue mountains, the starry sky, the motions and celerity of the subtle lightnings, the pathos of the vaulting thunders,—the page of Revelation,—I would receive,—the full and definite impressions of natural and moral truth. Over my silent grave, in the lone and sequestered country churchyard, diversified with grey, red, and white stones,

of decaying memorial, I would view the future, where the spirit, set free from its mortal incumbrances, expatiates in the unbounded vastness of eternity :—where the futile parade of mortal life shall be found to be unavailable and vanity ; and, when weighed in the balance, with things of paramount importance, it would be found inconceivable, how such futilities, for a moment, could occupy the attention of a reasonable mind ; when the petty occasions of scandal, and the baneful influences of political contention, and all the unnecessary pains and rancours of the heart, will stand in their superinduced and extraneous relation, and when all their kindred emotions and pursuits would sink, in moral estimation, infinitely below the games and the prattlings of little children.

There, apart from the turmoils of the world, I would possess my own soul, and enjoy the natural sympathies and affections of the heart, without interruption and without molestation, with all its legitimate tastes, and harmless prepossessions. What a privilege, what an indulgence, what a source of felicity ! Is there any blessing upon earth, oh ! my dearest Phylo, like the freedom of the heart ? Is there anything so desirable, as the chosen objects and the chosen modes, of all its sympathies and all its tenderness ! Give to corporeal slavery, freedom of mind and liberty of heart, and the greater part of its thralldom is done away.—There I would live without the desire, the restless desire of an accession to my felicity ; there would I calmly resign myself to the advances of life, without the slavish dread of an unpleasant diminution of its enjoyments. There would Nature and Fortune act in the most perfect conjunction of mode and circumstance, there form a homogeneous and perfect alliance. There ambition would be rooted from the human heart ; and there envy would be deprived of its sting. The present would be enhanced by anticipations of the future, which, like an immense splendour, would extend its radiations, and give to life a value



and an importance in its preparatory state of being.—The study of history, the investigations of science, and the chaste exhibitions of poetry and romance, would occupy some of my leisure hours.

There would the beauty and the transcendency of virtue unfold itself to my perceptions,—there would I hold an intercourse with the Divinity,—there would I look, “through Nature,” up to its ever-living source,—there prostrate myself before the ETERNAL,—there contemplate His Divine perfections with unceasing astonishment,—there meditate upon His Divine will, with unwearied delight,—there give myself up to Him, wholly, and for ever.

THE END.

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REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

WHEN at any time we grapple with the conceptions of Locke or Butler, or other abstruse writers, or are overpowered by the discoveries made, and the truths laid open, in mathematical science and experimental philosophy ; or when we have our minds carried away by the higher ranges of poetry, such as those of Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, and others, with the Greek and Roman

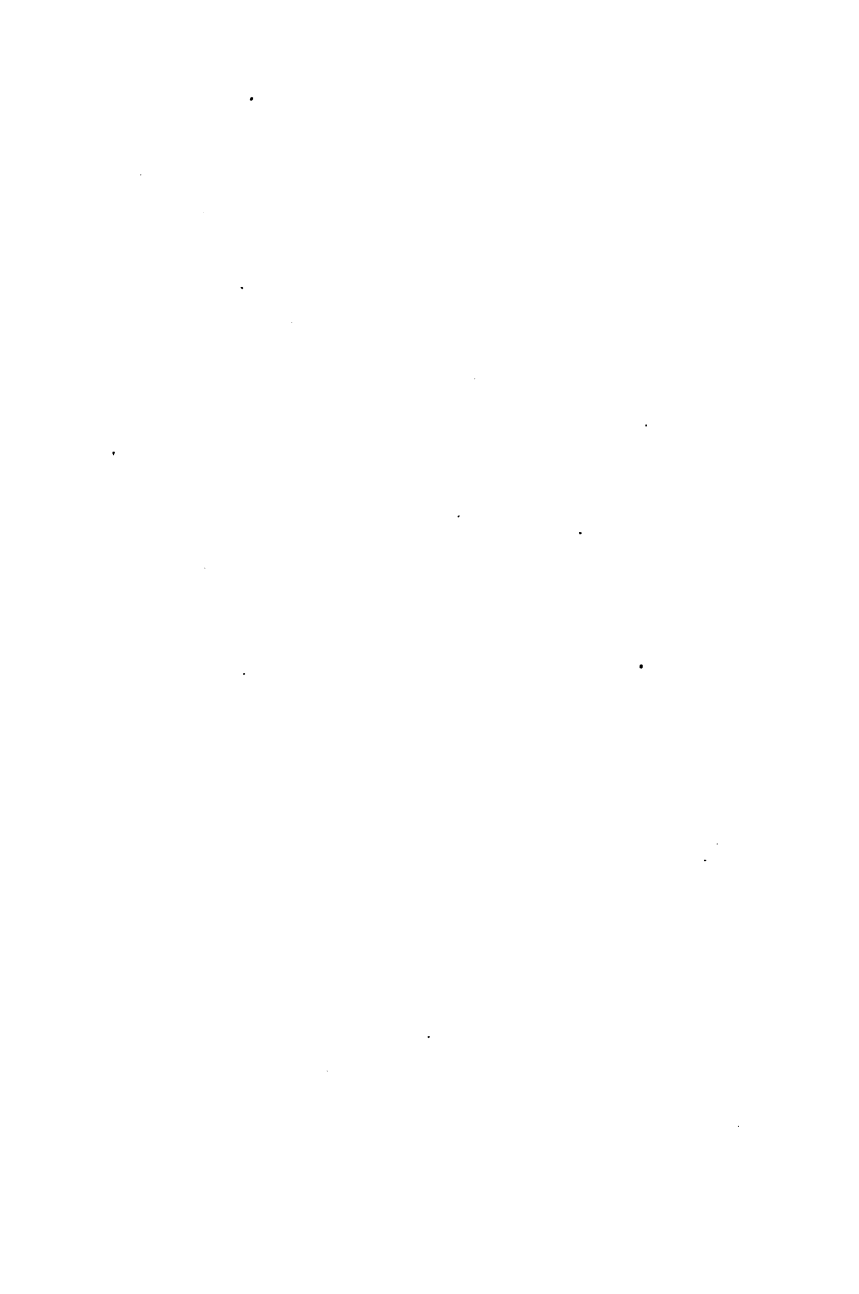
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classics ; or when lassitude overtakes us, and we are wearied by the rehearsals of dulness and of folly ; or when the summer skies permit us not the enjoyment of a relieving walk, and the winter day is gloomy and tempestuous, and the evenings long and irksome ; and more than all, when our minds are not in an apt mood for sacred study or moral reflection, we turn as by instinct to some volume of light reading in prose or verse, to unbend the mind, and enliven the imagination at a cheap rate, and without much intellectual exertion. This resource has often been mine, in the midst of deep suffering and sorrow.

After this introductory remark, I have only to say : It has been my anxious and honest intention, in delineating the simple and imaginative story, not only that it should excite a harmless laugh, and recreate the spirits, but that also it should convey a moral. We have an over-abundance of stories in our floating literature—some of them pregnant with no very salutary tendencies. There is nothing grand or noble in unfolding a landscape in the very confines of Avernus, productive of violence, ferocity, and crime, but, in looking at the simplicity and gentleness of heart displayed in the story suggested to us in the Advertisement, no one, we think, who reads it, will find either his disposition or his taste morally offended. Indeed the whole of it is a light-hearted exercise for a young and generous mind.

W. A. G.

Terras Moor,
July, 1870.





the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

There are a number of reasons for this. One of the main reasons is that the world population has increased from 5 billion to 6 billion. This has led to a greater demand for food. Another reason is that the world's diet has changed. In the 1950s, the average person in the world ate 2,500 calories a day. In the 1990s, the average person ate 3,000 calories a day. This has led to an increase in obesity. A third reason is that the world's diet has become more varied. In the 1950s, the average person ate a diet of rice, beans, and vegetables. In the 1990s, the average person ate a diet of rice, beans, vegetables, and meat. This has led to an increase in malnutrition.

There are a number of ways to address these problems. One way is to increase the world's food production. This can be done by increasing the amount of land that is used for agriculture. Another way is to improve the world's diet. This can be done by encouraging people to eat a more balanced diet. A third way is to improve the world's health care system. This can be done by increasing the number of health care workers and by improving the quality of health care.

There are a number of challenges to addressing these problems. One challenge is that the world's food production is limited by the amount of land that is available. Another challenge is that the world's diet is limited by the amount of money that people have. A third challenge is that the world's health care system is limited by the number of health care workers and the quality of health care.

There are a number of ways to overcome these challenges. One way is to increase the world's food production by using more land. Another way is to improve the world's diet by encouraging people to eat a more balanced diet. A third way is to improve the world's health care system by increasing the number of health care workers and the quality of health care.

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